THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A LIFE'S LOSS.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Do you remember the summer day
You found me down by the ruined mill?
The skies were blue, and the waters bright,
And shadows glanced on the windy hill,
And the stream moaned on.

You sat by my side on the moss-grown log,
Where one whom I loved last night had stood—
I heard his voice, like an undertone,
While you talked to me in that solitude,
And the stream moaned on.

You did not tell me your heart was mine—
You only said that my face was fair,
That silks and satins should robe my form,
And jewels should flash among my hair,
And the stream moaned on.

You did not ask me to give you love—
You did not touch my lips or my brow—
Contented you were with my plighted troth
And never a kiss to seal the vow,
And the stream moaned on.

You remember the pomp of our bridal morn—
The jewels that mocked the bright sunshine—
The rustling silks—the ringing mirth—
The flush of roses—the flow of wine—
While the crowd looked on.

You got that day what you bargained for—
My hair to braid your jewels in,
My form to deck with your silken robes,
My face to show to your haughty kin,
But my soul moaned on.

Talk not of love—you come too late—
You cannot dispel my heart's eclipse—
Where your image should be a corpse lies shrined,
And no voice comes from the death-cold lips,
Though my soul moans on.

Some summer day I shall wander down
Where the waters flow by the ruined mill—
Where the shadows come, and the shadows go,
There at the foot of the windy hill,
And the stream moans on.

You will find me there, 'neath the whispering wave,
Colder and stiller than ever before—
The dreams I dreamed and the hopes I hoped
Will be hushed to silence forevermore—
Though the stream moans on.

"Don't! oh, please don't cut 'em off!" exclaimed the boy, eagerly. "You'll ruin her, the poor little angel."

WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE!

OR,

THE STOLEN HEIRESS!

By Mary E. Woodson,

Author of "A Woman's Vow," "Oaklands," &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE HEROINE OF OUR STORY.

A very child in innocence, as in years. She could not, reader, at the time we must introduce her to your notice have exceeded eight years of age. Yet few children at her time of life could have inspired a deeper interest, or been more attractive to look upon.

The child's dress was in perfect harmony with her expression, and both were beautiful. The outer costume was of rich blue velvet; she wore also a hat of the same material, from beneath the crowned brim of which her lovely young face looked out with a freshness and purity that seemed as if it belonged by rights, to a better sphere than ours, and had wandered for a brief space into this sin-stricken globe which we inhabit. A tiny muff hid her small, shapely hands, while a tippet of ermine likewise encircled her throat, and was half covered by the long, golden ringlets that had streamed over it. From her ears depended two delicate rings, with a diamond of unusual brilliancy in each. The shoes were likewise blue, and the metallic heels struck upon the pavement, as she moved hurriedly on, with that ringing sound which is often heard when a danseuse comes upon the stage, not unlike the castanets themselves.

The little girl's pace grew quicker and quicker, as she moved on, looking anxiously up at the doors and windows as she passed; until her increasing suspense gave place to positive alarm, and the tears began to dim her lovely blue eyes.

As the child wandered thus through the street, that at this hour of the day was almost deserted, for here were the private residences of a portion of the moneyed population of New York, a figure, strangely at variance with her own, approached from an opposite direction, and now paused to look at her with an untutored, half-savage sort of admiration.

This new comer was a young woman whose real age could not have been less than eighteen, while the jaunty air that pervaded her walk and costume, had but little of the innocence or modesty, without which womanhood can have no real charm.

Her dress, of a deep orange hue, now much soiled from wear, and begrimed with coal dust, was looped over a scarlet petticoat, until its length scarcely exceeded that of the child we have described; while her high quartered boots were looped across with scarlet strings, and still left exposed to view no inconsiderable portion of the upper half of a pair of coarse India hose that might have been much improved by an immediate introduction to the washtub.

A short jacket of green cloth, heavily embroidered with tarnished military braid, and a small cap streaming with broken feathers of almost every color of the rainbow, completed the costume of this strange figure. Her face, not irregular in feature, with the large brown eyes, might have appeared handsome in any other guise, and after it had been held under the nearest pump long enough to scrub away the ill applied rouge that besmeared her cheeks, but for the devil-me-care, hoydenish expression that would have marred the effect of nature's best gifts.

As her eyes took in an inventory of the child's dress, she paused irresolutely in her walk, as if thwarted in some original intention, or rapidly planning a new one. In an instant, however, her wavering purpose seemed formed, and she stepped up to the child.

"What is the matter, little girl?" she asked. "You look distressed about something."

"Oh, if you please, I have lost my way," sobbed the little girl.

"Don't cry. I'll set you all right. What may be your name, now?"

"Evelyn Leslie," replied the child.

"Umph! It is a good name enough I suppose, but it doesn't tell much. Do you know what they call your papa?"

"His name is Rochester Leslie," returned little Evelyn.

"Hush now!" the young woman exclaimed, with a start. "You are not agoin' to tell me now as you air a daughter of that Rochester Leslie, him as has a store along o' them Mahobs, the Danvers folks?"

"Yes! that is my papa."

The young woman, whom we may at once introduce as Molly Paine, or "Fancy Molly," as she was termed derisively among many of her acquaintances from the nature of her dress, leaned over the little girl with feelings of the deepest interest.

"Come, don't you be scared a bit. You jist walk alongside o' me, as if you wa'nt afeared o' nothing, until I can hail a cab, and I'll take you home in the wink of a bird's eye."

"Do you know where my papa lives?" asked little Evelyn, looking up into her face.

"Don't I, though! I should think as how every child in New York know'd where them houses was, or leastways they could find out through the *per-lease*. But don't you cry, not one wink more, I can't stand tears, they upsets me so; and I'll take you straight to your papa."

Thus encouraged the little girl took hold of the woman's hand, and walked briskly on at her side.

"What luck!" mused Moll, as she looked down at her with evident pride. "This is real luck, no mistake; for of course Rochester Leslie must pay me 'andsomely for my trouble. And now, tell me how you came to get lost, little one?"

"Well, mamma was at Aunt Mary's, somewhere here, spending the day," explained Evelyn, innocently; "and I walked with little Lilly Chalmers down to her home. I had been there before, and I was very sure I knew the way, but somehow I turned a corner, and I kept going on and on, until I was very tired, and did not know where I was."

"I wonder your mamma should have let you go out with only another little girl; you are too small."

"She did not wish me to go alone," said the child, now ready to sob again. "She bade me ask John, our driver, to go with us; but we did not ask John, because I was sure I could go alone."

"Well, you see what children gets by being disobedient. Next time you'll mind your ma, I guess. Well now it would ha' been a nice job if you had got clean lost, and they had been obliged to *adwertise* you in the papers. Ha! I've a good mind to do that!"

Some thought, not entertained before, seemed to have taken sudden possession of her mind. She paused abruptly and looked around them, laughed a low laugh; and taking the child by the hand, hurried on down several streets. She had been silent for some moments, when with another half laugh, she stamped her foot upon the pavement, and exclaimed:

"I will do it! It will be such rare fun."

"What will you do?" asked the child, alarmed.

"Never you mind; it's no business o' yourn. Somethink I was thinking about when I gets back home. I say now, was you all uneasy when you heard about your papa?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Evelyn, vaguely.

"Wasn't you home now when they sent 'em word about it? Ain't you seen the evening papers?"

"No."

"Then don't *you* know your pa was shot down the street to-day?"

A thorough look of comprehension, and consequently of agonized terror, came into the child's face, as she gave a startled cry.

"My papa shot? What will mamma do? Pray let me die too! Oh, pray let me die!"

"Hush!" said Moll, sharply. "Hush! or I'll run away and leave you, and you may get along as you can. Ten to one, but some o' these here child-stealers will git you then, and run clean off with you. They lives all along here; I'm afeard myself; so you keep quiet. Your par is not agoin' to die—that is, if you gits there quick and relieves his mind. He asked them to send for his little daughter afore his life was clean gone, and I made sure as how you had been afore this."

"Oh, poor mamma! poor, dear mamma!" wailed the child again.

"Come, none o' that!" cried Moll again. "What has I said to you? We must not have one tear as would wet a fly. What all that salt water was put in people's eyes for I can't see. You listen to me now. Your papa's strict orders was that your mamma wasn't to know nothing at all about it, and if you so much as hinted at making any noise he might die, and never forgive you. Here, coachman, here!" she broke off, suddenly, to a cab-driver who chanced to be passing. "I need this little lady wishes to ride a few squares, and we will pay you well if you takes us quick."

"Do you wish to go with her, my little 'oman?" asked the cabman of the child, as he looked down contemptuously on her companion.

"Oh, yes, if you please!" exclaimed Evelyn, tremblingly. "I should like to drive very fast."

"So open your door in no time," cried Moll, with a toss of her head. "If such as *you* gets their pay for taking gentle folk over the city, it is too good for them without askin' o' questions. So, now drive for your life!"

She had already placed Evelyn in the carriage, and springing in after her named a street at which she wished to be set down. The man now mounted to his box, and flourishing his whip rolled off at full speed.

"I suppose it's all right," he mused, "or this here old 'oman had better look out. I'm a thinkin' she's likely to make the acquaintance of the inside of a jail afore she dies."

"Well, now, little dear," said Moll, placing one large hand caressingly on the child's shoulder as they drove along, "we will soon be there now, and you will be the first to see your par."

"Will he be well enough to take me back to mamma?" asked Evelyn, anxiously.

"They hopes so, dear. The doctors said he wasn't so bad off when he comed to himself, and they thought if you got there quick he might be well directly. You ought to bless me to your dyin' day for the good luck o' meetin' up with me."

"I will love you very much," faltered the child, "and mamma will give you a new dress if you will let her," and she looked apologetically at Moll's untidy attire.

"A new dress!" exclaimed her companion, half indignantly. "Your mar ain't got no finer coat nor this was when I bought it. You don't know what a pile o' money it cost."

"It is very pretty," answered Evelyn, half frightened. "Only—only as it was not very clean I thought you might be poor, like some good people mamma tells me about and whom she sends things to sometimes."

"I has as much as I wants at home," replied Moll, with a momentarily thoughtful expression. "But here we gets out to walk."

The hack now halted, and as the driver opened the door she sprang to the pavement and lifted the child after her. Then she took a greasy, tattered pocket-book from the folds of her dress, and muttering, "We have no time to lose," she thrust a note into the hands of the cabman and started off at a rapid pace.

"Here, young 'oman," called the driver, "won't you stay for your change?"

"We never stops for bits o' coppers," replied Moll, with a laugh. "You may keep it, my poor feller, to drink our health," and waving her yellow cotton gloves she hurried down the street.

"Look out, my young 'oman, that you doesn't wish you had taken care o' them afore you dies," muttered the coachman as he went on his way; "we don't often get more than our regular fare from the likes o' her."

In the meantime Moll had walked rapidly on with her charge as fast as their feet could carry them, passing square after square of streets, until the general aspect of the city was entirely changed.

"Are we almost there?" gasped the child at length. "I am *so* tired."

"We won't be long," replied Moll, encouragingly. "But don't you go to givin' over just as we gets almost in sight," and she drew her on again.

The neat tenements of the streets where they had discontinued their drive had disappeared one by one, until scarcely a vestige of modern architecture remained. The thoroughfares, too, had become narrower and narrower, until carts or carriages could scarcely pass each other single file without collision, and the irregular and dilapidated buildings had assumed the appearance of old and ruinous farm-houses, long since deserted.

As these changes became more and more perceptible the child looked up from time to time at her strange guide, and began to experience an indescribable feeling of alarm. She seemed at last unable to bear the suspense longer, and the little fingers clasped the larger hand nervously.

"*Is* it very far now? Oh! if you please, I am so very, very tired, and it looks so strange here. I am afraid we are lost again!"

"There, now!" cried Moll, with a sharp intonation of anger. "What would your dyin' par say to this? That you are afraid to walk a decent street in the open light o' day, with a respectable 'oman as knows every inch o' the way. I've a strong mind to leave you right here, to find your way, anyhow, while I minds my own bizness, as I wish ter the Lord I had."

"Oh, please don't leave me!" cried the child in terror. "You are very good, and I will follow you, if you will not go so very fast," and she looked up into the cold, hard face of her guide, with an expression that might have softened a heart of stone. Perhaps a momentary pang of remorse did stir the deadened sensibilities of the woman, as some indistinct remembrance of her own helpless childhood came back to her.

Let us hope, for the sake of our common humanity, that it did. The wishful expression of the little girl's face seemed to worry her, and drawing a coarse blue veil from her pocket, she threw it hastily over the child's head, as though to shut out the picture from her own eyes, and taking a firmer hold on her arm, she moved on, though with somewhat abated speed, as she explained.

"There you need not be at the trouble of looking about you. Besides there are lots o' bad boys about here as would be for talking to you, if they seed your pretty face along o' me. We will soon be there now, and your blessed par will be so happy."

Beguiling the time thus, in expostulations or threats, Moll and her little companion kept on their way into the heart of the foul and pestilential region of the city known as "Five Points:" the former bowing at one moment to a slatternly girl, and the next to a bloated, ill-favored man, whom she not unfrequently rewarded with a smart box, for such spicy salutations as, "Dress most too long to-day, Moll." "What is up now, Mrs. Paine?" and the like.

At length, however, when the child seemed to sink down from exhaustion or fear, or both, the young woman paused before a lot of old ruins, something worse than the rest, and turning suddenly down a dark alley for some ten or fifteen yards, took a key from her pocket and placing it in a door, cut in the wall, turned it vigorously, until with her other hand she forced it opened, when she quickly drew the child in after her, and relocked the gate behind them. Then bidding Evelyn lift her veil "for fear of getting a fall," she ascended a winding and broken flight of steps, leading to the upper story of a dusty, worm-eaten hovel.

"Is papa here?" asked the child, shudderingly, as she glanced around.

"Why o' course he is," replied Moll, with a laugh. "Come along, you'll see him in a minit, now."

Just at this instant, a small boy, who might have been ten years of age, flew out of a door a few yards beyond them, as if impelled by a stronger motive power than might spring from his own volition, and uttered a howl so dismal that Evelyn shrieked in alarm.

The boy looked around, and seeing Moll was about to utter another angry exclamation, when he caught sight of her companion, and instantly paused, with eyes dilated and mouth open, as if petrified with astonishment.

"What are you starin' at now, you jack-a-napes?" cried Moll, wrathfully, "as if you never seed a well-dressed child afore! Tell me, dolt, is Mother Crowley in there?"

"She be, unless she went out of the chimbley after that kick she gave me," growled the boy. "But I say now, Moll, do you mean *her* for a new pal?"

"Mind your own bizness, Mr. Meddlesome," cried Moll, giving him a sharp blow. "And now let me pass."

With this, she approached the door from which the boy had issued so suddenly but a moment before; and, rapping with her bare knuckles, paused until a croaking voice cried—

"Come in!"

CHAPTER II.

MOTHER CROWLEY.

Thus invited Moll pushed open the door, and pausing for one instant, with her head thrust into the adjoining apartment, entered, and drew the child in after her.

The room into which Evelyn Leslie was introduced, was lighted by a single window, that admitted just enough of the sun's rays to reveal the repulsiveness of every object within it.

The walls of this apartment appeared as though crusted with the uninterrupted dust and cobwebs of half a century, while a medley of garments, male and female, some of them seeming, from shape and color, as if they might have belonged to a fashion still more remote, hung upon pegs behind the door and around the sides of the room.

Two rickety beds, covered with faded and rent patch work, stood, or rather seemed to stagger, on one side of the unswept, filthy floor; while in the remote corner, beyond the window, lay a confused heap of cast off rags in every stage of decay.

By the grate, all choked with ashes and cinders, sat the only occupant of the room, a miserable old woman, who appeared more goblin than human, as she crouched down in something that might once have been an arm-chair, but which, like the old knight's socks, had been patched and darned out of existence and into it again so many times as quite to have lost its identity: while its occupant sat rocking her body to and fro, and chattering garrulously to herself. She, too, was clad, like everything else, in a bundle of rags, and her shrunken and yellow face and throat, protruding above them, seemed like life only from the glitter of her small gray eyes.

"Come back here, Wally! Where are you, Wally?" she whined. "That boy'll be the death of me yet. He'll bring it upon us all, see if he don't."

"What's Wally up to now, Mother Crowley?" exclaimed Moll. "You are always a quarrelin'. Let the boy alone, can't you? and look a here, if you wants to feast your precious ole eyes," and she thrust Evelyn in front of her, to where the light from the window streamed across the floor.

"What's that you've got! And what are you agoin to do?" growled the old hag. "You are to be the death of me, you all are. You are to bring the po——"

"Dry up, can't you?" screamed Moll. "Your croaking old tongue is never still. Must you go to tellin' strangers and every one that comes in who you are lookin' for, and where you expects to board, at the cost of the government, afore you dies, unless you turns human and gives up the ghost at oust. Now look a here at this and proph-er-sigh something good, or I'll be tempted to give you a shake, such a shake as would make one think all the bones of *Gesheregfat* was a gatherin' themselves together. Look at this here child!"

"What's to be done wi' her, Moll?" whined Mother Crowley.

"She's come to see her pa, who, I told her was shot, you know," explained Moll, with a wink and a laugh.

"Who's shot?" cried the old woman, springing up with sudden energy, and wringing her shriveled hands. "I knowed it was a comin' to that afore ever the ground closed over me. Oh, Caspar, my poor Caspar; why couldn't

be be an honest lad like his father! Oh, my poor boy, O—O—O—h—h—h!" and the miserable creature tossed up her lean arms, as she uttered these hideous cries, in notes so full of passionate grief, that poor little Evelyn almost fainted with terror.

"That ever I should have such a fool to deal with!" cried Moll, indignantly, while she seized the old crone, and thrusting her back into her chair, shook her until she turned black in the face. "There is nothing the matter with Caspar—nothing. He is far safer than you or I, for if I had my way, I'd shake you into an apperplexy of which you'd die this minnit, to pay for the fright you've throwed me into."

"I'm a listening since you tell me Caspar Lennox is all right," gasped Mother Crowley, as soon as she had recovered her breath. "What am I to do?"

"See this angel of a child!" replied Moll, authoritatively, "the like o' which you ain't never set your eyes on in this world—and you ain't likely to see 'em in the next," she added, in an undertone. "See these here diamints in her ears, as will bring in to Ned, and you, and me, such a mint o' money. And this ere bit o' *Rushsen* fur, and this blue velvet coat, as will make me a new sack I might insult the queen in, and then you fix her to see her pa, who I told her when I found her in the street had been shot, and was a lyin' here, calling for her. She is the daughter of Rochester Leslie, and we are agoin' to make our fortune out o' her; so you fix her up in some o' your little plain dresses, as will do for a house o' mourning, and she'll be ready to see the poor gentleman."

Mother Crowley evidently comprehended now, for she suddenly became convulsed with an effort at laughter that made her more hideous than her cries of distress had done awhile before.

"Yes, yes," she chuckled, "you told her her par was waiting for her here. I wish you hadn't said he was *shot*, though. Rochester Leslie waiting for her here! he! he! he!" and she laughed and choked again, until Moll, seriously alarmed, interposed, with threats of another shaking. And poor Evelyn cried out:

"I want to go away! Take me back to my mamma!" and ran towards the door in the wildest alarm.

"Come! *You* are a minor and an infant in the law yet!" said Moll, oracularly, as she seized her by the arm, and led her back to Mother Crowley's chair. "What's to become of your par, a fillin' all our floors with the blood that's a runnin' from him at this blessed instant—you unnatural child!"

At this, poor Evelyn began to sob more hysterically than ever, and Mother Crowley was threatened with another fit of laughter.

"Come!" cried Moll, warningly, "no more o' that. I must go and prepare the poor sick gentleman, while you fixes the little lady up—and having my own reasons for not wishin' to be seen too much," she added, as she went out and closed the door after her.

Evelyn, meantime, was so terrified at being left alone with the hideous old woman, that she seemed about to swoon, until Mother Crowley aroused her with a ringing box on the ear.

"No more o' that about me. What are you afraid of? We ain't used to fine, fainting ladies here. You are to keep your senses about you, if you are to see your par. He! he! he!"

"Oh, if you please, let me go to him now," wailed Evelyn. "I can't stay here in this dirty old room. I—I am afraid of you."

"That's honest, if taint over polite," replied the old woman, winking her eyes as the child's ear-rings flashed before them. "Oh, me! oh, me! he! he! he!" and her withered hands wandered to the glittering gems. "I can't see how they was put in!" she cried out, suddenly, with fierce wrath. "Have them out, drat you, or I'll tear the flesh along with them."

Evelyn, bereft of the power of speech, but too gladly slipped them from her ears as soon as her trembling hands would permit, and dropped them into the old woman's outstretched palms.

"Oh," cried Mother Crowley, "they'll bring our Ned, and Caspar, my pride, a lot of money, to enable them to dress like the sons of rich gentlemen, that they are. A better use to put them to, I am sure, than to let them be dangling in a pretty brat's ears, as would be better off this minit if I was to choke the life out of her body, which I've half a mind to do."

"Don't kill me!" shrieked the child, in terror. "Oh, don't kill me! and my papa will give you money. Oh, let me go to him!"

"Stop that noise afore I'm the death o' you," growled the old woman. "I don't know what we'd do with your body if I was to make clay of you, so I may let you live, if you obey my orders in less time than one of these prettys can flash. Will you do as I tell you, then, without worryin' o' me?"

"If you please, I will try," said Evelyn, shivering.

"Then you take off that blue dress, in a hurry, as is flauntin' enough for a theaty actress, and you put on a neat little black frock, as is far more becomin' one that is expectin' every minit to be an orphun. Will you do it?"

"Yes, ma'am," sobbed the child.

"What's them in your eyes?" cried the ogress, sharply, seizing her by the arm. "P'raps they are diamints, too? You'd better not tell me they are tears, for tears is something that you can't sell here. They brings trouble, and we won't have them. Do you hear?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Evelyn.

"Ain't I told you I'm not a goin' to hurt you!" exclaimed Mother Crowley, turning her about, and hurrying to unfasten her dress. "Then don't you vex me to it, or you'll be sorry enough. Don't you see there's nothing to prevent my killing you this minnit, if I had a mind, and burnin' up your body in that 'ere grate, afore ever the good girl as brought you here to stop your parint's blood could look in at the door! And, lord strike me dead, if I don't do it, if you continny to worrit me."

Thus admonished, poor Evelyn hastily drew off her dress, when the beldam's eyes caught sight of her dimpled arms and snowy throat.

"Bless me, to think o' my neck and arms being tender and white like *that* once! You young varmint!" she cried, enviously. "My Mary looked like that, too. I have half a mind to tear the flesh from you, tooth and nail!"

"Teeth! ha! ha! ha! ha! I'd like to see the tooth as *you* could show, if the root o' one could make you young and pretty as she are, unless you pulled it from somebody else's head!" taunted a voice at the door. "Tooth, indeed, when you've been a gummin' it since long afore the memory o' the oldest on us," and the unwashed face of the boy before mentioned, now looked in. "I'll tell you what, old *Crone*, you bully me now, can't you, and left a little one like that alone? I'm used to it, and I fattens on it, but you are a skeerin' her out of her wits, until 'taint to be stood."

"I'll show you, you young varmint!" she fairly screamed, as she sprang out of her seat. "You are giving me your sass again, but I'll be the death o' you!"

She had taken but a few strides towards the door, when, stumbling over some impediment, she fell headlong on the floor, while the boy, dancing around the room, set up a shout of laughter.

"What's the row now?" asked Moll, once more storming into the room. "I say, Mother Crowley, if you are trying to get to another country to-day, can't you do it without all this fuss?"

"Oh, it's that boy!" cried the old woman, gathering herself up with a moan. "I won't stand it from the like o' him as I took here when——"

"*Can't* you hold your tongue?" repeated Moll, angrily. "Must you go in your dotage to be a blabbin' everything you ever know'd? And you, Mr. Walter, I'll show you you shan't bully the ole creatur as might a been your great, great, great-grandmother," and seizing him by the left ear with one of her hands, she administered a rousing box with every repetition of the adjective.

"I warn't a doing nothink to her," whined the urchin, feeling that he could no longer trifle with his opponent. "She was a beatin' that 'ere wee bit o' a snowflake, and threatening to tear the flesh off her with her *teeth*, when she ain't had a tooth since you and I was born."

"Then she can't hurt her with 'em, can she?" said Moll, sharply. "And a monstrous fine young man you be gettin' to be, a callin' a child like that a snowflake. You are too smart to be in here where she's a dressin'. So, get along with you!" and, to enforce obedience, she gave him a sharp push that sent him flying a second time through the door, when she turned once more to Mother Crowley: "I say, now, haven't you fixed that child yet?"

"I was a fixin' her, Moll," she whined, "when that boy came a vexin' me."

"And what right have you to be vexed, with all this 'ere money waiting to be earned? I didn't bring the child here to be frightened into fits by the like o' you, and if I hear of your boxin' and pinchin', and makin' faces agin, that minit I marches her straight out, and you don't set eyes on her no more. So you git suitable clothes on her soon as ever you can," and she withdrew once more.

"You hear that," said Mother Crowley, grasping Evelyn by the arm, with an irrepressible desire to vent her spleen in some quarter. "Now you off with these 'ere linen pettycoats, and put on sich as our gals has to wear."

Poor Evelyn obeyed mechanically, growing more and more alarmed, as her trembling hands caused her the greater delay.

"There is no need to hurry," continued Mother Crowley. "There, now. You see, in this 'ere black frock you won't look as if you was a defyin' death. But stop! Them blue shoes makes too much noise for a sick room. Look under them ole clothes yonder and you'll find a worn pair, as soft as velvet."

Evelyn went as directed, casting every moment a frightened glance at the crone behind her, and at last discovered two wretched old bits of leather, very soft indeed, for, when she had put them on, they still left at least one-half of her tiny feet upon the floor.

"Now," said Mother Crowley, when she had finished, "you jest sit down on that old coat by the corner of the harth till Moll comes for you," and the old woman lit a pipe, and placed the stem between her lips, while she rocked herself to and fro, and began to mumble and chuckle again, until Evelyn had to struggle painfully to suppress the scream that rose to her lips, as she looked at her.

As Evelyn cowered down thus, with her eyes fastened with a nameless sort of fascination upon the hideous beldam, the inner door again opened, and the boy Walter, or Wally, as he was called, entered the room with a half-sullen, half-defiant expression upon his face, and presented a broken cup to Mother Crowley.

"Moll says you must tell her"—pointing a dingy finger towards Evelyn—"that her par has done fell in a sound sleep now, and musn't be waked now on no account. So you make her drink this, while you smokes your pipe, and we sits here."

The boy spoke as he had been directed, while the old woman, remembering his recent offences, glowered on him until he had finished, as though she had half a mind to choke the words out of him. She contented herself, however, with the wrathful exclamation of "Drat your eyes!" and taking the dingy piece of earthenware from his hands, beckoned Evelyn to approach, and held it to her lips.

"Drink!" she cried, sharply, as the child hesitated for an instant. "It's a nice toddy, and 'll do you good."

Evelyn saw no alternative but to obey, and swallowed the bitter contents of the cup, that seemed anything but "nice," after one or two choking efforts. She then returned to her seat, and the old woman, resuming her pipe, began to puff out large volumes of smoke, as though her chief object were to fill the room with it. The child looked on in wondering awe, until overcome by the fatigue she had undergone and the drink she had taken her eyes closed and her head sank lower and lower, and she lay along the floor fast asleep.

The boy, meantime, had placed himself doggedly down in the dust, about half way between the old crone and the child, and looked first at one and then the other until his own begrimed face became strangely softened and thought-saddened. And when at last Evelyn's head drooped to the floor, as we have described, he rose hastily to his feet, and taking up some old clothes, the cleanest he could find, he placed them beside her, and placing his arm gently beneath her light figure extended the sleeping child more comfortably upon them.

"So you comes between me and others, do you?" growled Mother Crowley, as she continued to smoke her pipe. "You are trying to get the upper hand o' me, as that ungrateful Moll has done, and I a nursing you since you was nothing. This is what comes o' people's kindness. If it 'twas to be did over again, I'd let the rats run away with you afore I'd cry 'Meow' to stop 'em. Bless me if I wouldn't. But lor' lor'," she suddenly exclaimed, holding up the child's ear-rings in her hand until they caught the rays of the fire and flashed them angrily back, "these will bring money enough to make us all rich. I wonder what they are going to do with *her*," nodding towards the sleeping child. "I hope she won't go to gettin' Ned and our folks into no more troubles. If it should happen so these bits o' diamints will buy 'em off from—from—the—town-pump," and Mother Crowley, dreaming already, soon fell to snoring lustily.

"So much for op'um, ole mother," said Wally, softly, as he crept up to her; "but if these 'ere bits of glass will buy off them rum ones from the gallows, they'll make poor Wally ride in a gold carriage when he gets in better company than the likes o' you. This is for keepin' my eyes open," and filching the ear-drops from her hands he glided through the door by which Evelyn had entered with the noiseless tread of a cat, was gone but a moment, and returned empty-handed to his seat.

"Poor little cretur'," he murmured, bending over Evelyn and peering into her face by the uncertain light of the fast fading fire, for it had grown dark without; "what would your white fingers do with dirty work like ourn? She be an angel, and I—I am a filthy varmint, as has no business to look at her, I'raps tho' if I was to bolt from here, and grow up to——"

"What's that now?" asked Moll, again looking cautiously in. "What's the ole one a sayin' now?"

"Some o' wild talk, like she always do," replied the mendacious Wally, softly, "'specially when she smokes that ere stuff. But she's a goin' off, and the young un's deep asleep."

"Then she won't be a botherin' me no more till late mornin'," said Moll, entering boldly. "Light the lamp, can't you? and be a stirring."

The boy struck a light as desired, when Moll, lifting the sleeping child in her arms, transported her to the smaller bed on the opposite side of the room, and placing her upon it wrapped her in the covering.

"Hark!" she cried once more, as she turned an eager face towards the door. "Don't have none o' your tricks now. Ned is coming. I hear his step."

CHAPTER III.

DIVIDING THE SPOILS.

The uncertain light thrown over the large room by the one lamp revealed the figure of a man already entering the door.

As he strode into the room with a heavy tread, the veriest stranger would have declared him a desperado, at once to be avoided and feared; not that he was by any means ill-favored, for his features had an undeniable animal beauty of their own, and his speech gave evidence of education and culture far above his personal surroundings, but there was an indescribable something in his dogged gait, and reckless expression of countenance that told unmistakably of a nature in open rebellion against every restraint except such as might be imposed by the severities of a strictly penal law.

Moll had already turned with a glance of welcome, and now advanced to meet him.

"I am so glad to see you, Ned," she half faltered. "I was afraid you would not come all night."

"I have told you that I didn't want to be watched for, and I won't be," he replied, while the veins rose angrily in his forehead. "I have no time to go and none to come, and I won't have it understood over the house that I do. I won't have all this thankfulness over my entry when I come, just as if it was an astonishing thing, and I ought—if the law would but do half its duty—be anywhere else."

"Won't you let a woman, who has been married only a few months, be glad to see her husband, Ned?" she asked reproachfully.

"Be as thankful as you will, only don't tell me of it every time, as though you thought I ought to go down on my knees in thankfulness, too," returned the man gruffly. "Where's the supper? I'm waiting for it, and must eat in no time or starve all night. Show that you are glad to see me by obeying my orders, and don't preach so much. So, where's the supper?"

"If I ain't been an' forgot as ever we had to eat again, clean as a whistle," cried Moll, with a composed laugh. "Well, if I ever! Ha! ha!"

"What's all that merriment for, fool?" exclaimed the man sugrily. "Do I look as if I was a man to be trifled with? Your infernal cackling is worse than that of all the geese that woke the Roman watch. There's mother, too, sleeping like the dead, as I'm a living sinner! Been at her old trade, ha!"

"She did it for your good, Ned," replied his wife, in a tone of mystery, that tended still farther to excite his irascible temper. "We have a visitor, oh, such a high visitor, and it was best for to put 'em to sleep."

"I'll put some of you to sleep with a vengeance!" he cried, "if some of this d—d foolishness is not put an end to. What do I care for you women's tricks. Get me something to eat, or I'll leave the house in a hurry; and when you see me again you'll know it."

"In one minnit!" said Moll, hurriedly. "Here, Wally! What are you 'a doin', you young 'ighwayman? He's a sitting here staring into the fire, like mad. Take this 'ere money, dolt, and fly down the street, like a steam ingine, and bring back a couple o' loaves of bread, a pound o' cheese and a bit o' butter, afore I put the coffee on. Do you hear?"

"And hark you, young man," interrupted Payne. "I'm speaking to you now. Don't you wink your eye on the way, or it would have been better for you to have been born blind."

Thus admonished, the boy arose to his feet, and receiving the money hurried out, while Moll busied herself in preparing the coffee, the man looking at her all the while.

"And who were your fashionable visitors to-day, Moll?" he ventured to ask, as he glanced around.

"You wait a bit," she answered, looking around with a shake of the head. "We've made a raise, Ned. Oh, such a raise!"

"That may be," he returned with a gruff laugh. "I'm only getting afraid we'll take a higher one still before we are done. Something like Haman's you know."

"That's cruel," said Moll, with unusual gravity. "But here's Wally. We'll eat now, and then I'll tell you."

She took the various articles from the boy's hands and spread them upon the table, when the man fell to eating without ceremony, and with the keen relish of one who has fasted longer than is agreeable, while she took a seat more leisurely on the opposite side.

"And now," she said, when she arose at last, "I'll just set some aside for Mother Crowley when she wakes up, and Wally may fall to upon the rest when you are done."

Wally had been looking anxiously at Payne for some time, as if he were growing seriously alarmed about anything being left to "fall to" upon, but fortunately the hungry man's appetite was appeased while a few fragments of the repast remained upon the table; and he at length pushed back his chair and stretched out his limbs with a lazy yawn. The boy meantime waited for no further permission, but gathering the debris into one plate, proceeded to discuss them at leisure.

"And now for business," said Moll, delightedly, as she drew out the child's pretty hat with its flowing plumes, and placed it jauntily on her own head. "What do you say to this, Mr. Payne?"

"Pretty, but rather small for your buxom body, my lady—gives you now the conical shape, as of a moving pyramid."

"You always talks to me in *highreoglifficks*," replied Moll, discontentedly, "and you know I ain't learnt enough to understand you. I can't tell heads nor tails of the plaguey books. But what do you say to this?" and she placed Evelyn's tippet of ermine about her throat, at the same time holding up the tiny muff upon one of her fingers.

"I'll wager a sixpence you've *borrowed* one of those fine dolls from the fancy store," said Payne, "just to keep your hand in. A man's recklessness is nothing to yours. Give you rope, and you'll hang yourself long before you could learn how to spell *gallows*. What good will they do you?"

"They'll trade at the second-'and store, if I can't wear them myself," replied Moll, pouting. "But just look at this and say if it won't make a sacque as the finest ladies on Fifth avenue might be proud to wear. You just rub your nose across it, if you want to feel like you was covered with down," and she brushed Evelyn's velvet dress across his face.

"You must have been *sacking* in good earnest to get that," he replied, seriously. "Where did you get it?"

"Come, and I will show you," replied Moll, as she took up the lamp with a triumphant flourish, and, advancing to the bedside of the slumbering child, turned down the covering.

"How did she come here?" asked the man, seriously.

"I fetched her from the street." And in the greatest gayety she told him of her accidental encounter and final abduction of the child.

"And you'll fetch a squad of police about our heads before we are a day older," replied Payne, with a heavy frown. "Unless you are anxious to see the inside of a jail, I'd have taken something better worth my while."

"You better believe I took care o' number one," returned Moll, with a knowing shake of the head. "The by-ways and 'ighways I came through, first riding and then walking, would a puzzled a blood hound. I knowed *she* was worth her weight in gold when I set my eyes on this ere frock, and then her diamints—lor! where is the diamints?" and breaking off suddenly, she rushed frantically to the chair of the old woman, and began shaking her from side to side, until her head seemed in danger of falling from her shoulder.

"What in the d—l is to pay now?" asked Payne, with a gruff laugh, while he motioned her to desist. "You'll shake the breath out of her old body, and there'll be a murder."

"No, no," cried Moll, excitedly. "But she has diamints—regular diamint ear-bobs—as I told mother would be worth a fortune to you, and I left her, like the fool I was, to take care o' 'em."

"Regular glass, and worth at least half a dollar," continued Payne, still in unusual good humor. "So don't disturb the old soul. She's enjoying herself."

"Mother! mother! wake up," persisted Moll. "I'll tell you, Ned, they was as good diamints as ever flashed in the crown of a queen."

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, contemptiously. "Bits of polished steel, perhaps. Don't disturb yourself. A child of that age rarely roams about with diamonds of any value. But tell me, what are you going to do with *her*?"

"Get a hundred dollars reward, to-morrow," replied Moll, slowly.

"A hundred stripes, more like. Could the child tell her name?"

"I guess she could. She's a regular mabob's daughter. Who do you think is her par?"

"A wise question to ask *me*," he growled, "when her own mother might not be able or willing to answer it. I believe you a born fool."

"Well, for all that, she is the child of *Rochester Leslie*."

"What did I tell you?" he cried, angrily. "You'll find it a dangerous game to play off your jokes with me. That ragged urchin looks like a "mabob's" daughter, doesn't she?"

"I swear to you it is true, Ned," she replied, alarmed at his anger. "Think of the fine clothes I showed you. She told me when I met her that her name was Evelyn Leslie, and her father was the great merchant."

"My God!" he cried, looking anxiously around. "A Leslie, of the 'Leslie & Danvers' notoriety! What would Caspar Lenox say? Wife or not, I tell you woman, I would see you hurled from the summit of the highest steeple here, sooner than be brought face to face with either of those men. If you are caught in this, it is your own unaided act, and you will have to rot in jail before I put forth a hand to help you. Yet I swear it is a joy to bleed those plethoric old fellows; and since she *is* here, you must sink or swim by the issue. If she is a lawful child of Rochester Leslie, a reward of five hundred or a thousand dollars will be offered in the morning's papers, and you'll sleep in a jail to-morrow night."

"Not I," returned Moll, confidently. "The jail ain't built as will turn its locks and bolts on me."

"You are more knave than fool, I know," replied Payne, thoughtfully, "but with the hue and cry that will be raised, you'll have the best head on your shoulders ever made if you escape them. If a reward of ten thousand were offered, how can we get it?"

"I'll take her," returned Poll, with another wink of intelligence. "I'm up to a disguise or so, as would puzze even you to know me; and I've got a plan in my head as will work."

"And, by heavens!" exclaimed Payne, with a start, "if the child *is* Rochester Leslie's daughter, the earrings you speak of must be real diamonds. Where are they?"

"I told you I left Mother Crowley to take 'em off, and what she has done with them I can't see. Why don't she wake up? Mother! mother!" here is Ned," and she shook her again until the dull leaden eyes opened.

"Only a bottle, Caspar. Only a bottle of the blessed stuff to drown pain when they told me you was shot," she mumbled.

"Hear that again!" exclaimed Payne, with a frown. "Sleep or awake, it is always the same thing—some evil impending. Let her alone, Moll, she is much nearer the other world than this, and it would be easier sending her there than getting her back to this with any share of reason, now. If she took the jewels, and knew there were of value, she didn't make a heroine for Monsieur Dumas, and swallow them, you may depend upon it. She'll find them when she wakes to-morrow."

"P'raps this 'ere imp o' perdition knows wot she done with 'em," continued Moll, suddenly seizing Wally by the hair, and dragging him up from under the table, whither he had crawled with his plate of edibles, perhaps to escape interruption. "Where did she put that 'ere child's shiny rings she had a hangin' in her ears?"

"I ain't seed nothink!" shrieked the boy, in pain. "Didn't you tell me yourself that I wasn't to look at her while she was a ondressin'. And you slinged me out of the room. She's got 'em in her reddycule, I spez."

"So we did drive him out," said Moll, explaining. "Let me look for 'em," and she shook out the old woman's clothing, and examined about the chair and floor, to no purpose.

"I'll just lift her to the bed, where she can snore to her heart's content, and you may stand a better chance of finding them," said Ned. And taking Mother Crawley in his strong arms, he swung her, as though she were a feather's weight, into the centre of the rude couch next to that of the child, while Moll still continued her useless search.

"They may be in the child's ears still," she suggested, at last, and, taking up the lamp, she hurried once more to the bed. The man followed, too, and seemed to be gazing intently into the cherub face of the little sleeper, while Moll turned the head roughly from side to side.

"No; they hain't here," she continued. "Mother must have put 'em somewheres; so we'll just have to wait till she comes round. But, oh, Ned! only see these 'ere beautiful *ringlers!*" and she caught up the child's shining tresses. "I must have 'em! They would be pretty a hanging on to my head."

"Red mud and gold dust," laughed the man, derisively. "It is no more like your hair, Moll, than tow is like the web of the silk worm."

"Can't you never say nothing pleasant to nobody?" pouted Moll. "If they be'ent the same exact color, I could change 'em at the hair dresser's."

"O, take the hair, and the head, too, if you like," he answered, brutally, shrugging his shoulders. "It's none of my game," and he slung himself back towards the hearth.

"You saw Lenox to-day?" he questioned suddenly, facing about.

"No. He came when I was out, and could not wait."

"I'll be ——— if you can be trusted to do anything, when you once get to parading the streets," he retorted, fiercely. "You see I must now go hunting him up at this hour, when the devil knows whether I shall find him or not. If I don't, my lady, you'll be sorry for it when I get back."

"What could I do?" said Moll, bitterly. "The child would not ha' been here, nor her diaments."

"Diamonds, be ———!" he returned, harshly. "I would have you do as you are bid, or your cursed foolery will bring us all to the lock-up before another week is out. I shall not be back till morning, when, if you get into any difficulty over that child, yonder, you'll face it out alone. I don't show myself in a police court unless I'm dragged there."

With a scowl upon his face, he strode out at the door, and closed it after him without looking back; while Moll stood with a half bewildered, half indignant, expression of countenance, and finally burst into a passionate fit of sobbing.

"This is the thanks I gets!" she exclaimed. "He ain't got no more heart nor a pavin' stone;" and covering her face with her hands, the large tears began to trickle through her fingers; when, as if ashamed of such remains of feminine weakness, she hastily arose to her feet.

"He may call my hair red mud!" she exclaimed. "But I'll have this child's curls, anyway. Children hain't got no business with any but short hair." And she began searching about the room until she drew out a pair of rusty scissors; when she once more advanced to the bed upon which Evelyn Leslie lay in a heavy sleep. As she caught up the golden ringlets in one hand, and lifted the scissors in the other, something pulled her sharply by the sleeve.

"Don't!"

She turned, with a half suppressed cry of surprise and fear, and beheld only the boy Wally, at her side.

"Was that *you*, a scoerin' o' me, fool?"

"Don't? oh, please don't cut 'em off!" exclaimed the boy, eagerly. "You'll ruin her, the poor little angel."

"I'll ruin you, if you don't look that door, and get to bed and asleep afore you could tell your name," replied the woman, angrily, while she gave him a box with her large hand, that sent him staggering back against the wall. "'Don't,' indeed! I should like to know what it is to you if I cuts off her head, as I may do along with yourn, and make mince meat of you both. An 'angil,' too, is she? Well, I've never heard an angil may not be an angil with short hair as well as long. Anyways I'll try it;" and true to her word, the scissors now moved rapidly over the head of the unconscious sleeper, while the boy looked on with dilated eyes and suppressed anger, as the lovely curls were laid one by one upon the covering, until the shameful work was done; when the woman gathering them up in her hand turned once more to find him still eyeing her sullenly.

"Boy, will you get to bed afore I'm the death 'of you?" she cried, wrathfully, while she seized him by the collar and shook him until he gasped for breath. "I hain't in no humor to trifle with you, and you see if you are getting from under Mother Crowley's hand, you hain't a feather to me. Now, will you go to bed without any more fuss?"

"Let me go," sobbed the boy, chokingly, "I ain't a doin' nothink to you."

"Will you go to bed?"

"Yes; you quit chokin' me for nothink," he growled, while she released him and stood glumesing down on him like an enraged lion.

"I'll choke some manners into you afore I'm done!" she exclaimed, giving him a final box; "for if I puts Ned on you, you won't need for nothing more in this world but a coffin."

The boy, feeling in truth that he was no match for the young Amazon, turned away, and crawling into a heap of tattered rubbish upon the floor that usually served as his bed, he drew a portion of it about him, and lay for a time in profound stillness. After a while, however, he turned cautiously and peeped out.

Moll stood before a rough stand of drawers crowned with a piece of broken mirror, surveying herself complacently, while the child's beautiful curls clustered over her own coil and about her shoulders; until at length, growing weary of contemplation, or reminded by the sonorous breathing of every one about her that it might be time she herself should be seeking some repose, in preparation for her own duties on the morrow, she quickly drew away the shining hair, and dropping it into one of the smaller drawers before her, she threw herself across the foot of the bed, upon which the innocent victim of her wiles lay, all unconscious of the dangers that surrounded her.

In a few moments it was evident that she, too, was fast asleep, and then the heap of rubbish near the door was turned hastily aside, and the boy crept along the floor to where the faint glimmering of the fire revealed something like a straggling ray of sunlight. He caught it up eagerly, pressed it to his lips, and then thrusting it into his bosom, crept back to his wretched bed.

It was one of Evelyn Leslie's curls which the woman had accidentally dropped upon the floor.

A little incident, but one that he was destined never to forget.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EVERYTHING GOES WRONG.

BY MARIANNE.

"What is the matter, Ellen?" said a mother to her daughter, one evening, as they were sitting together; "what great event has kept you silent for an hour?"

"No very great event, mother; only a great many little ones, which have put me completely out of patience. Everything has gone wrong today," and Ellen laid down her work and looked up in her mother's face as if demanding sympathy.

"That expression is a very common one with you, Ellen; your 'wrong days' and your 'right days' come round almost as regularly as your Mondays and Tuesdays. Now that we are alone, and not likely to be interrupted, let us examine the matter, and see if we cannot find some way by which these 'wrong days' may be turned into 'right ones.' What was your first trouble this morning?"

"Why, you know, I was late at breakfast, and father didn't like it, and the coffee and rolls were cold, and then——"

"Stop; one thing at a time, if you please; your first trouble might certainly have been prevented; you could have been up in season if you had chosen."

"Why, I was fast asleep; how could I——"

"You were fast asleep when breakfast was put on the table, very probably; but were you not waked at half past five?"

"Yes—but—but—I thought it was too early to get up then."

"Ah! there is the difficulty; it is never too early to get up after daylight. You know it is my wish that you should get up as soon as you are called, and your father's displeasure and your cold breakfast were the consequences of your disregarding that wish. I know of nothing which is more apt to make a day *go wrong* than beginning it badly."

"Well, perhaps I might have prevented that, but I am sure I could not help the shower that came up as I was going to school, and I wet my feet so that I was uncomfortable all schooltime; and I dropped my books in the mud, and then my composition, which I had taken so much pains to copy neatly, fell out, and it looked so soiled that I was ashamed to carry it to the teacher."

"As to your wetting your feet, you should have worn your overshoes, as I wished, and then your feet would have been dry and comfortable; although it did not rain, the streets were very wet and muddy. Dropping the composition was, I will allow, an accident, which perhaps you could not have helped; but tell me, did you bear these little trials pleasantly and patiently, or did you go into the school room out of temper, and disposed to be dissatisfied with everything?"

"Why, of course, mother, I didn't feel quite as pleasantly as usual; you know I could not, when everything had vexed me so."

"Do not say so; never say that you *cannot* be pleasant. I have shown you that two of the evils of which you complain were caused by your own negligence, and the third was not such a terrible trial but that it might have been borne, had you not been impatient and fretful beforehand. If, when you found yourself late at breakfast, you had acknowledged yourself to be in the wrong and resolved to do better the next day, instead of excusing yourself, you might have dismissed the subject from your mind, instead of allowing it to worry you as it has done. Well, what was your next trouble?"

We will not follow Ellen and her mother in their examination. It appeared that most of her troubles were owing to her own fault, and that the others were little trials which she could hardly have noticed had she been in her usual frame of mind. Ellen was convinced that whereas she had been in the habit of saying that "everything went wrong," the fact was that she herself had been in fault, and she that night resolved in future to bear all unavoidable accidents so pleasantly and patiently as to have no more days when "everything would go wrong."

We cannot remember a night so dark as to have hindered the approach of coming day, nor a storm so furious or dreadful as to prevent a return of warm sunshine and cloudless sky.

Lord Bacon beautifully said, "If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from the other lands, but a continent that joins them."

Everywhere endeavor to be useful, and everywhere you will be at home.

OUR HOUSEHOLD NEST.

BY HENRY M. SHERWOOD.

What tender melody was ours!
Three nestlings in the household nest:
I never knew which sang the best!

They used to sing such tender lays.
I sometimes think I hear them yet.
But then—I never shall forget!

One morning from our household nest,
We missed the echo of a voice
That always made our hearts rejoice.

We called the lost one far and near,
But nothing answered to our call;
A stillness lingered over all.

She never sought our nest again;
Perhaps in prison, barred with gold,
She sings the songs she sang of old:

But oh! I doubt! She could not sing
Those old sweet songs when barred about
With wires that shut her freedom out!

Maybe sometimes she thinks them o'er,
And sings them sadly, low and sweet,
Her wings most 'gainst her prison beat!

One died within the household nest;
We watched it slowly pine away,
And missed its song one summer day.

One birdling in the nest remains;
In the sweet songs it loves to sing,
I hear the old sweet echoes ring.

And when its silver notes I hear,
I pause to weep, and mutely pray
That this sweet bird may with me stay.

TERRIFIC COMBAT BETWEEN A GORILLA AND A LION.

BY A. W. HOLMES.

My black guide, whose movements were as noiseless and gliding as those of a snake, was about two yards in front of me, pushing gently but swiftly on hands and knees through the tangled underwood and thorny creepers, which made the entrance into the dense and gloomy recesses of the primeval African forest almost impassable to the hardiest of the human race, and I was eagerly following in the track which he had made, when suddenly he paused, uttered a low slight hiss, and placing his right hand behind him, made with it a gentle movement, warning me to be silent and cautious.

How long we both remained motionless and hardly daring to draw a breath I know not. It may have been five minutes. It appeared to me as many hours. I felt neither fear nor apprehension of danger, but my anxiety to obtain a sight of a living gorilla, and, if possible, to get within shot of him, and the hope that my black hunter had at length marked one, caused my heart to throb with expectation so loudly, that in order to still it I was obliged to *hold* my breath forcibly until the sense of suffocation became unbearable, and it was with great difficulty I repressed a spasmodic tendency to relieve the oppressed lungs by a scream. At length my guide moved forward, but so silently that his progress was more like that of a shadow than of anything having life and weight in it. His hand was still carried behind him, the open palm towards me, and every motion of the fingers instinct with intelligence and warning of the presence of danger the most imminent and deadly. The Fan (my guide was a splendid specimen of that noblest of the Central African tribes) again stopped. His palm expanded, and I instantly paused. The ground shook with a slight tremor. The air vibrated around us and beat flutteringly upon our ears, as the reader may have felt when the deepest bass of a great organ is gently touched. At first I did not perceive that the agitation was the result of sound, but as the vibration was passing away, I distinguished a low deep roar, and found that some terrible beast, most probably either a lion or a gorilla, was close at hand, and was either conversing in a low tone with his mate, or was uttering the first notes of suspicion or alarm.

The Fan looked round to see where I was. The movement gave me pleasure, because I was then certain that my progress was so completely noiseless that even the quick ear of my savage friend had failed to detect the crushing of a withered stick or leaf beneath me. As the black turned his face to me, his eyes were the only features that were distinctly visible. They appeared to be lighted up by a lurid fire within them, and when his head was sufficiently brought round to look upon me fully, his eyes glared brightly and fiercely as those of a royal Bengal tiger. Mice must have looked similarly upon him, for he made a gesture of surprise with hand and countenance, then grinned, showing his brilliant white teeth from ear to ear, and formed an O with his mouth, which I interpreted as an intimation that a gorilla, if not a whole family of those delicate monsters, was within view, and bringing forward his rifle so as to see that the cap was right, he resumed his cautious advance. Turning a little to the left he made room for me to draw up alongside of him, and I then discovered that we had reached the inner edge of the brushwood, and that a clear space, forming a small amphitheatre in the forest, was before us. An enormous tree which seemed to have overshadowed and destroyed every plant and shrub within its range, occupied the centre, and formed the dense canopy of this open. A slight gesture from the black hunter directed my attention to the foot of the giant of the woods, but he at the same time placed one hand above his eyes, thereby intimating to me that I must shade mine before looking, lest the glare of them in the darkness should attract the attention of our game. Laying myself along my double-barrelled rifle, I shaded my eyes with both my hands and looked towards the great tree. Sitting on the ground, cross legged, with his back against the trunk, his hands lying carelessly at his sides, with the palms turned up, and his head sunk down between his shoulders in a dozing, if not sleeping state, was a huge male gorilla. His profile was towards us. At the opposite side of the amphitheatre, the tree sometimes concealing them from our view, were a female and a young male feeding, and gathering some kind of nuts which the female occasionally carried and threw on the ground, close to her dozing lord and master. I watched their proceedings for some time with intense interest. At length the Fan made a sign of interrogation, which recalled me to a sense of our position. We were too far from our dangerous game to risk a shot at him, which, if it only wounded without killing, would bring not only himself, but possibly his wife and young hopeful upon us before we could draw another trigger. If we startled him only, without hitting him, he might plunge into the jungle and escape. We could not lie there all day looking at him without doing anything, and we dare not attempt to hold council with one another, as the lowest whisper would reach either the sleeping or the waking members of the family.

A few moments of irresolution terminated in my laying my rifle and taking a long and steady aim at the side of paterfamilias. It was difficult to cover my object, for a flickering exhalation was rising from the entire surface of the earth, through which the gorilla seemed to be in perpetual motion, in and out of the sight of my rifle, up and down, flashing and waving, rising and falling, until I lost all confidence in my power of taking aim so near the ground, and, being a crack shot under ordinary circumstances, I had just resolved to risk everything by standing up and taking an open shot at him from the shoulder, when a turn was given to my thoughts by a terrific shriek, or rather series of shrieks, as if a strong, rough woman were rending the air in mingled rage and pain.

The shrieks were uttered by the female gorilla, who had gone some distance into the wood whilst I was engaged trying to aim at the male. She had either disturbed a lion, who was sleeping away the effects of a hearty supper, or had met him on his way to the cool depths of the forest, and had nearly afforded him a morning repast. She sprang into the nearest tree, uttering at the same time those startling human cries which had nearly unnerved me. As to my guide, he was still watching the male gorilla, patiently awaiting my decision, and expecting every instant the report of my rifle. The shrieks had startled him a little, not so much, however, as they had affected me, for he had heard the like before, and he knew they would be uttered the moment that either a shot should be fired or the female should discover us by any chance. But when a roar, that shook the ground on which we lay, announced the nature of the danger from which the female gorilla had so narrowly escaped, my Fan friend, black as he was, actually became pallid white with fear.

The roar of the lion was instantly answered by a deeper, hoarser, louder, and more savage roar. A sound so expressive of anger, defiance, and relentless, savage, cruel ferocity, I never heard.

I looked at the Fan and smiled. He understood me instantly. His limbs ceased to tremble. He closed his mouth with an effort, then grinned, placed his fingers on his lips, and turned to watch the combat which was now inevitable, and in the occurrence of which lay our best hopes of safety.

Scarcely thirty yards on our left, the lion had come crashing through the jungle, and had cleared the close inner tangle with a bound. He now stood full in sight in the clear open, his head erect, his mane standing up and out, all straight, like the hair of an angry cat, magnifying his apparent bulk to colossal proportions; his tail, which at first stood nearly straight, was waving from side to side. At length it struck his ribs alternately on either side with sounding blows, and he uttered a longer and more terrific roar than that which he had given when the female gorilla escaped from him. Opposite to him was the male gorilla, now looking most unlike the uncouth, sleepy figure which we had seen propped against the tree.

At the first shriek from his mate, the gorilla had sprung into life and sudden energy. Placing the knuckles of his upper hands upon the ground, he bounded lightly into the air to a surprising height, rising from all his four hands together, and coming down upon all four hands again. When the lion roared, the gorilla seemed at once to comprehend the nature both of the challenge and the adversary, and to resolve upon fighting, although it would have been easy for him to escape by springing into a tree. He rose upon his hinder hands (or feet), and standing erect, looking very like a large-bodied, long-armed, short-legged, powerful negro, about six feet two inches in height; he uttered his tremendous acceptance of the lion's challenge, beating his breast at the same time with his huge fists alternately, and producing sounds like heavy blows upon a bass drum. When the lion sprang into the inclosure and stood bristling before him, the gorilla dropped upon all fours again, with his knuckles on the ground; his eyes, which flamed like fire seen through rubies, fixed upon his dreadful enemy, and his eyebrows working up and down with inconceivable rapidity, giving to his countenance a look of such demoniac ferocity, that it seemed to make the lion pause at least, if he did not quail.

Lashing his sides with his tail until he roused himself to fury, the lion delivered his second roar, as though his honor were concerned in outroaring no less than in vanquishing by his prowess all antagonists; and, on his part, the gorilla, albeit questions of honor seemed little likely to be favored or considered by him, accepted, nevertheless, the preliminary contest of angry noise, and uttered another roar so utterly demoniac and horrible, standing up again in order to deliver it freely, that the lion crouched at once to spring upon him and bring the question of superior prowess to the proof. A few short, swift steps—a bound of twenty feet—two or three sharp, snarling growls—and I expected to see the combatants locked in fatal embrace! But it was not so.

As the lion rose in his long bound, the gorilla sprang also, but more lightly and higher, straight up into the air. The lion struck upwards to catch him; the action turned himself over, and he fell heavily on his side, the gorilla dropping on him, striking him twice, and then springing off with a sidling, jumping run, to a distance of several yards. Instantaneous as had been the encounter, both were severely wounded. The gorilla was bleeding from the head and back. The lion had a fearful gash across his ribs; and judging from the crashing sounds of the two blows which he had received, I thought that some of his ribs must have been broken. The lion rushed without a moment's pause at his adversary, but the agility of the gorilla was too great to permit the lion to close at his pleasure. For some minutes the movements of the lion in attack, and of the gorilla in avoidance, were almost too rapid for the eye to follow their evolutions. At length the lion paused, bewildered by the speed and activity of his antagonist. Instantly the gorilla sprang upon and rolled him over with a single blow upon the side of the head. Again the chase and avoidance were resumed, but this time for a much longer space than before, the lion resolved to catch the nimble ape; but again he was obliged to pause, and again he was instantly knocked over. When he rose he staggered, whether from the effects of the terrific blows which he had received, or from giddiness resulting from his gyrations in pursuit of the gorilla, it was impossible to decide, but he reeled and fell over several steps to the right before he recovered sufficiently to prepare for another charge. In the meantime, the gorilla was dodging round and bobbing up and down before him, as captured monkeys may be often seen to do in their cages when persons are teasing them. Both lion and gorilla kept up an incessant noise, growling, snarling, roaring and screaming, varying their tones in accordance with their actions or sufferings, and although nothing like a close had taken place, both were bleeding freely; the lion's right eye was either shut up or gone, and the gorilla was nearly scalped. The lion had now learned so much of his enemy's strength and activity that he tried several feints to get him within range. He lay down, but the gorilla kept jumping round him so near, that he was obliged to spring round with equal alertness, to avoid being taken by surprise. He tried another rush, but he stopped sooner than at first, and when the gorilla sprang upon him to strike, the lion turned on his back and received him with teeth and claws.

The crisis of the battle had arrived. Growls, snarls, shrieks, and roars came out in a demoniac chorus from a confused mass of swirling leaves and dust; limbs, teeth, claws, blood, and springing bodies, as though ten fighting beasts instead of two were combating amidst a whirlwind. I became so excited that I could scarcely command myself. A crash, as of smashing large bones, and a horrible shriek. The noise and fury of the combat were redoubled for a minute or two. Then came a pause. The dust and cloud of leaves subsided. The lion was uppermost. The left arm of the gorilla was across his tremendous mouth. It was the crunching of the double bones of the forearm which I had heard. His claws were firmly fixed in the gorilla's shoulder and head, but he was himself nearly torn asunder and disemboweled. Huge rents were in his body, and the feet of the gorilla were buried in his loins, whilst the mighty right arm of the ape was free, and would be active again directly breath had been taken.

The final struggle quickly came. Up rose the cloud of dust and leaves again. Whirling, shrieking, bounding, striking, growling, struggling, groaning, the confused mass rushed hither and thither with increased velocity. Over and over it rolled, like a tangle of fighting demons, until it came uncomfortably near to where I and my negro guide were lying hid. It swayed away from us, returned again, rolled off, then back; and just as the Fan and I both sprang to our feet to escape from such dangerous proximity, the combatants, locked in their deadly embrace, came crashing against us, knocking us over, and into a deep pit which we had not seen, falling upon us with a force which for an instant deprived me of consciousness. Recovering myself, however, I struggled furiously, fearing that, even if the beasts had killed each other, I should be smothered under their bleeding carcasses. I kicked, struck, and tried to push the dreadful load away. The noise above me was terrific, but I was able to distinguish my own name amidst the uproar, and it struck me that the voice in which it was pronounced was somewhat familiar. I paused in my efforts to extricate myself, and listened. Again and again my name was called loudly, distinctly, and earnestly.

"John! John?"

It was the voice of my wife whom I had left safely at home.

"John, John! Wake up, will you? You have got the nightmare, and have fallen out of bed. John, John! do get up, dear! You've dragged all the bedclothes down on the floor with you. You have rolled yourself up in them so tightly that I can't get you out. You will be smothered if you don't wake up! Oh, dear! oh, dear me! Wake up, you great stupid, do!"

"Bless my soul!" said I. "How fortunate—how curious it is, too, that you should have come to my rescue so opportunely. It was very kind of you, and so courageous besides. When did you arrive out? Do you know I was wondering, just as I was tumbling into this horrid pit, why the gorilla's wife didn't come to *his* assistance. You know she might have done it easily and safely enough, for the lion wouldn't have let go his hold, and if she had sprung on his back she might have enabled her husband to freshen his grip. They might have quickly strangled him between them. Is it not cu——"

"My goodness gracious me!" said my wife, interrupting me. "What stuff and nonsense are you talking? Lions and gorillas!—fiddlesticks! There are gorillas and lions enough in the street. Drunken women screaming, and nasty men fighting, and the police trying to take them off to the station. The noise they made woke me, and there I found you snorting and grunting and struggling on your back, and, the moment I touched you, away you floundered out of the bed, rolling yourself up in the clothes, and dragging them all away with you. Oh, don't sit on the floor there, like a great donkey, with your nightcap on one side, looking so silly and ridiculous. Do get up and help me to set the clothes straight on the bed again."

"What!" said I. "Was it all a dream, and is not even my noble Fan a reality?"

"Your fan, indeed," retorted Mrs. Smith, who was beginning to lose her placidity of temper. "If you are so warm as to want to fan, you may sit up there and use mine. I'll lend it to you and welcome. But please let me have the bedclothes, for I don't want fanning. My teeth are chattering with the cold. The police have taken all the fighting and shouting and screaming gorillas and lions, male and female, to the station-house. The fans are in the wardrobe. Do, there's a dear, get up off the floor. That's right."

WHY should we be more shy of repeating ourselves than the Spring be tired of blossoms or the night of stars? Nature never wearies of saying over her floral pater noster.

THERE are moments when the two worlds, the earthly and the spiritual, sweep by near to each other, and when earthly day and heavenly night touch each other in twilight.

PHILOSOPHY is to poetry what old age is to youth; and the stern truths of philosophy are as fatal to the fictions of the one as the chilling testimonies of experience are to the hopes of the other.

THE DIVING BELLE.

BY J. W. ADAMS.

"First love is the only true love," say some people; and "Love is love for evermore," adds a poet of the affections. On the other hand, there are many persons, not without some reputation for judgment in commercial circles, who assert that "first love is calf-love."

I do not pretend to decide this question. But, at all events, first love must happen to every man before second love, and if it has not happened at all, it has yet to come. Under these circumstances, I cannot but think that the subject is of universal interest, and that any new experience of this absorbing passion will be received with rapture by the public.

Seventeen was just the age at which I first met Charlotte Elizabeth—*under water*. What think you of *that*, Mr. Editor? Are not such circumstances of first-love new? Permit me also to add, with my hand upon my heart, that they are moreover true.

* * * * * * *

"Any lady or gent for the diving-bell?" exclaimed a sonorous voice. "The machine is now about to descend."

My heart came into my mouth, and then retired about half-way down my throat, as I should judge. My extremities became cold as ice, as I gasped out, "Stop a minute; take me in, please do." The crowd that already surrounded the machine parted to left and right, to let me pass. There was not the least hurry, of course; but if I had not spoken at once, I should not have done so at all. I was the first volunteer for this tremendous enterprise, and an object of great public interest.

I passed the little barrier; I gave the manager the requisite fee for the submarine passage; and I crept under the great goggle-eyed bell amid quite a popular ovation. A narrow seat ran round the interior of the machine; the atmosphere seemed close, even as it was, and the light was dim, although we were as yet in the land of the living. I perceived, however, a shining substance immediately opposite to me, which turned out to be a boy covered with buttons—the page of the establishment, whose dreadful trade it was to descend, I don't know how many times a day, in company with subaqueous amateurs. He had a rope in his hand, that hung down from the top of the bell, and which I fondly imagined communicated with the scientific authorities, so that we could be hoisted up again at a moment's notice, by signal; but this confidence was entirely misplaced. A certain round spot with a number of little holes—like the top of a sink—was the sole ornament of the apartment in which we were; and through this was to come the air we breathed. To say that I would gladly have got out again is to give a very feeble idea of my state of repentance. All the crimes I had ever committed during my checkered life seemed to crowd in upon my recollection. I made the most ardent resolutions for conducting myself for the future after a different fashion—if I should only be permitted to emerge alive out of that bell. It is true that there was yet time for me to do so, for the director was still touting for passengers, but I had not the moral courage for such a step as this. I could not have descended amid the same crowd which had applauded my intrepidity, to experience its scornful jeers. I perceived the same feelings were actuating two other individuals who now joined us; they, too, cast wistful glances at the mouth of the bell, and were evidently contemplating in their minds the most salient points in their past wicked lives.

"You had better put your legs up, gentlemen," observed the page; "there will then be less chance of falling out at the bottom, when we get under water."

"*Less* chance!" gasped I, as I hastened to obey this suggestion. "Do you mean to say there is *any* chance?"

"Well, you must sit quite still, of course, or there's no knowing what may happen. You will be safe enough, however, like this."

We had all got our feet in each other's laps, forming quite a reticulation of legs beneath us, so that, if we fell at all, it must needs have been all together, when the director suddenly exclaimed:

"By your leave, gentlemen, there's a lady coming."

"A lady coming! Where on earth is she to come to?" inquired I. There was not room for a pin's head to make its way among us, and far less a lady's.

"Is there no room?" inquired one of the sweetest voices I ever heard in my life.

"Plenty of room, miss. Legs down!" cried the conductor.

Then a bonnet appeared, with one of the most lovely faces in it you can imagine, and a look of tender appeal upon it—at finding the bell full of legs—which it was impossible to resist. I sidled nearer towards the page, in whom I had some sort of confidence, and made room for this charming creature on my left hand. It was before the days of crinoline, but she wore some expansive, gauzy garment, which, as she took her seat, flowed over all the others, and seemed to leave her alone with me and the page—who, except as a scientific assistant, I considered as nobody.

"Is there any danger?" asked she, in soft, low tones, and putting her hand upon mine in order to steady herself—for she had very little to sit upon. "I almost regret that I ventured to come."

"Oh, say not so," returned I. "Hold on to me. You may squeeze my hand as tight as you please; *that is the only way to keep yourself from falling.*"

Even in that dim bottle-green light, I saw a lovely blush steal over her damask cheek; but she *did* take hold of my hand, and held it pretty tight, too.

"What an oppression I feel about my forehead," observed she; "my brain seems on fire."

"So does mine, my dear young lady," replied I; "and my heart goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat."

"So does mine," said she. "I am told the phenomenon happens in all these submarine excursions."

"Why, we ain't off yet," observed the page, contemptuously, who had been most unjustifiably listening to our conversation. I should perhaps have rebuked him, but at that moment the awful bell swung out from terra firma, and we beheld beneath us the cold and treacherous wave.

"What a terrible situation!" ejaculated my fair companion.

"Not altogether," returned I, with a pressure of the fingers.

"We are leaving all behind us—or at least above us," added she, for even in that awful moment her native correctness did not desert her. "Heaven preserve us, what was that?"

A cannon appeared to have gone off immediately outside of my ear, and then it went on firing a royal salute—and didn't stop then.

I trembled like an aspen-leaf, but not so much as the beautiful being who relied upon me for succor. We leaned up against one another for mutual support. With my left arm, I mechanically encircled her waist; with my right hand, I grasped half a dozen of the page's buttons. On one side of me was poetry, on the other, science.

"What are those dreadful guns?" inquired the young lady.

"Guns!" cried the page, laughing. "That's only the tinpanium of your ear a-busting, bless yer. It'll get wuss and wuss, and the top of your 'ed will be like to fly off, as it seems to you, before we gets to the bottom. A-comin' up you'll like it better."

"Dear girl," whispered I, in tones of comfort, "you will find it some relief to lay your head upon my shoulder."

She did so, and I caught her broken tones inquiring what was that dreadful thing that kept beating against the bell, as though it wanted to get in among us.

"I hope and trust, my good boy," said she, addressing the page with sudden animation, "that it is not that electrical eel!"

I do believe, that if I had not had fast hold of that boy by his buttons, he would have fallen off his seat into the water, in a paroxysm of mirth, and left us without a protector.

"Lor' bless you, miss," replied he, when he got breath enough to do so, "that's the beating of the hair-pump, that is; if that was to stop for arf a minute, it would be all hookey with us in this 'ere bell."

"Hookey!" ejaculated the terrified young creature. "What dreadful language he does use! You haven't got a waterproof coat on, have you, sir?"

"Alas, no," said I, "I left my waterproof coat up above, and also my umbrella."

"I asked," returned she, "because I seem to breathe nothing else but india rubber."

Perhaps it was this peculiar atmosphere which erased her words, as it were, as soon as she uttered them, that compelled me to keep my cheek quite close to hers, to catch the precious tones.

"They pump the air through the india-rubber tubes," I answered.

"How wise you are," said she, admiringly; "how nice it must be to know everything."

"Very nice," said I. "Please to tell me, therefore, what name you bear in the upper world? I have read of sirens and mermaids—— How dare you touch that lady's dress," cried I, with excessive indignation, as the scientific page made a sudden snatch at her petticoats.

"They was a-gettin' into the water, that's why," returned the youth, with sulkiness.

"My good boy," said I, "here is half a dollar for you. I am sorry I spoke so loud, because water conducts sound with great facility, and they may have heard me up above. All that passes among ourselves here should be respected, as being of a private nature."

"Mum is the word," observed the page, and he winked with an air of supernatural and submarine cunning at the unconscious Charlotte Elizabeth—for it is needless to say that the enchanting young mermaiden was she.

Almost immediately afterwards we began to ascend. Every instant the guns fired with less distinctness, and we became more like our usual selves. But, during the few minutes that we had been immersed, I had experienced a complete metamorphosis—I had suffered a seachange into something rich and strange. I had descended fancy free, I arose a captive to the Diving Bells.

The rest of the courtship was of the ordinary description, and terminated in the usual way.

BOOKS.—Books are a great aid in thinking, and the people who really wish to learn will be careful in their choice of books. A great many works have no tendency to awaken thought on the part of the reader. They present only commonplace thoughts, and are not worth reading, except for the information they may convey. There are other books which set the reader thinking. They are commonly the productions of first-rate minds. It is seldom wise to read a book produced by an inferior mind. You know that there is an advantage in having familiar intercourse with men of superior minds. You would not choose the society of weak and ignorant minds, if you could have that of strong and learned minds. In like manner you should not spend your time in perusing the works of feeble or commonplace minds, when those of first-rate minds are within your reach.

SCANDAL.—It was the saying of an old acquaintance of ours, when his attention was called to anything that had a smacking of scandal in it, "I have so much to do, that I cannot hear it. One half my time is taken up with my own business, the other half with letting alone that of my neighbors." How many excellent opportunities of letting alone other people's business are slighted; and the world is troubled with the interference of people with what does not concern them. Neighborhoods are driven crazy by the reports of idle or mischievous people, who watch for occasions of scandal, and lose no opportunity of making it public, regardless of its truth, or of the injury it inflicts upon the feelings of others. Gossip passes for fact, and surmise for history; and the nimble lie runs many a league while the truth is putting on its boots.

DESIRE OF FAME.—It is imagined by some, that the lover of fame is so voracious of praise, that he is indifferent to its quality. This is not the case. The smiles of vulgar patronage, or the blundering eulogies of ignorance, are always offensive and disgusting. "I love praise," says Cowper, in one of his letters, "from the judicious, and those who have so much delicacy themselves as not to offend mine." The applause of men who are themselves eminent in literature, often thrills an ambitious author with that inexpressible delight which can never be occasioned by the adulation of common minds. When Lord Byron's high opinion of Sheridan's power was communicated to that wild and sensitive genius, he burst into a flood of tears. His joy overpowered him, and was far too intense to find relief in words.

As the eagle flies high above the highest mountains, so does true and holy love above struggling duty.

RECEIPTS GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

TO REMOVE FLY SPOTS.—Dip a camel's hair brush into spirits of wine, and apply it to the spots.

TO PRESERVE FRUIT JELLIES FROM MOULD.—Cover the surface one-fourth of an inch deep with fine pulverized loaf sugar. When thus protected, the jellies will keep for years in good condition, and free from mouldiness.

NEURALGIC HEADACHE.—The application of towels, wrung out in hot water, to the forehead and temples, is represented to be an efficacious and speedy remedy for headaches arising from neuralgic affections.

MAPS AND CHARTS.—Maps, charts or engravings may be effectually varnished by running a very delicate coating of gutta percha solution over their surface. It is perfectly transparent, and is said to improve the appearance of pictures. By coating both sides of important documents they can be kept waterproof and preserved perfectly.

CEMENT FOR LEATHER AND CLOTH.—An adhesive material for uniting the parts of boots and shoes, and for the seams of articles of clothing, may be made thus: Take one pound of gutta percha, four ounces of India rubber, two ounces of pitch, one ounce of shellac, two ounces of oil. The ingredients are to be melted together, and used hot.

A VERY pleasant perfume, and also preventive against moths, may be made of the following ingredients: Take of cloves, carraway seed, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon and Tonquin beans, of each one ounce; then add as much Florentine orris-root as will equal the other ingredients put together. Grind the whole well to powder, and then put it in little bags, among your clothes, etc.

THE *Journal of Chemistry* says that a tin tube made like a siphon, driven into the vent of a barrel of wine or cider, and the other end inserted into a vial of water, will prevent the air from entering the barrel while the gas escapes through the water. Make the barrel otherwise tight. When the cider or wine is done working, the water in the bottle will cease bubbling. It requires no filling up, as there is no loss. This is the way to do it, and we recommended it in these columns before the paper in question was born.

BUNIONS may be checked in their early development by binding the joint with adhesive plaster, and keeping it on as long as any uneasiness is felt. The bandaging should be perfect, and it might be well to extend it round the foot. An inflamed bunion should be poulticed, and larger shoes be worn. Iodine, twelve grains; lard or spermaceti ointment, half an ounce, makes a capital ointment for bunions. It should be rubbed on gently twice or thrice a day.

CLEANING CARPETS.—Take a pail of cold water, and add to it three gills of oxgall. Rub it into the carpet with a soft brush. It will raise a lather; which must be washed off with clear cold water. Rub dry with a clean cloth. In nailing down a carpet after the floor has been washed, be certain that the floor is quite dry, or the nails will rust and injure the carpet. Fuller's earth is used for cleaning carpets, and weak solutions of alum or soda are used for reviving the colors. The crumb of a hot wheaten loaf rubbed over a carpet has been found effective.

CAUTIONS IN VISITING THE SICK.—Do not visit the sick when you are fatigued, or when in a state of perspiration, or with the stomach empty—for in such conditions you are liable to take the infection. When the disease is very contagious, take the side of the patient which is near to the window. Do not enter the room the first thing in the morning before it has been aired; and when you come away, take some food, change your clothing immediately, and expose the latter to the air for some days. Tobacco smoke is a preventive of malaria.

IN THEMSELVES THE FAULT.—Avoid people who have no faith in their kind. They are dangerous to deal with. A thorough knowledge of their own bad hearts is at the bottom of their distrust of others. Taking it for granted that everybody with whom they come in business contact is bent on overreaching them, their object is to spike the enemy's artillery by being the first to overreach. Candor is lost upon them. They consider it refined hypocrisy. Favors they look upon as cunningly devised lures, intended to lead them into a trap, and, while receiving them willingly, chuckle inwardly at the thought that they are old birds, and cannot be caught by any such devices. These creatures think they understand human nature. Poor wretches, of all the thousand springs of human action they know but one, and that the worst—selfishness. Let them stop that spring in their own moral machinery, if they can. Let them do it for their own sakes, for they can never know how much of good there is in the world until they do.

THE PRESENT LIFE.—The present life is sleeping and waking; it is "good night" on going to bed, and "good morning" on getting up; it is to walk in the garden, and see the flowers open, and hear the birds sing; it is to have the postman bring letters; it is to have news from East, West, North and South; it is to read old books and new books; it is to see pictures and hear music; it is to have Sundays; it is to pray with a family morning and evening; it is to sit in the twilight and meditate; it is to be well, and sometimes to be ill; it is to have business to do, and to do it; it is to have breakfast, and dinner, and tea; it is to belong to a town, and to have neighbors, and to be in one circle of acquaintance; it is to have friends to love one; it is to have sight of dear old faces; and with some men it is to be kissed daily by the same loving lips for fifty years; and it is to know themselves thought of many times a day, in many places, by children and grandchildren and many friends.

OUR hearts are at least bright and brim-full of love in the one hour of meeting, and in the other hour when we part, inconsolable; even as all the stars appear milder, larger and more lovely at their rising and setting than when they pass over our heads.

Tapeworm! Tapeworm!

Removed alive, with head complete, in from two to three hours. No fee till removed, by Dr. KUHKEN, No. 259 N. Ninth st., Phila. Seat, Pin and Stomach Worms also removed. oct5-6t

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BUILDING UP A TRUE MANHOOD.

There is an oft-stated and important fact which ought to be indelibly impressed upon the memory and felt in the heart of every boy, youth, and young man who may follow us in these remarks. The fact is, that "Every one is the architect of his own fortune."

Loving parents, sweet sisters, and kind brothers and friends may do much to give impulse and direction to talent or genius that may exist in a boy or youth as the gift of God through nature; *but there must be a kind willingness in the soul of the boy himself* to make the best use of his gifts, or all the promptings of kindred and friends must prove abortive, and end in disappointment, mortification and regret.

Boys, by nature, are inclined—according to a common term—to be "thoughtless;" but they are not, strictly, thoughtless. On the contrary, they are always full of thought. But when it is said that they are thoughtless, it is *meant* that their reflections are engaged upon useless, debasing, and unworthy subjects, and thereby their mental energies are wasted and worse than thrown away.

Boys should accustom themselves to undergo, frequently, a rigid self-examination, in order to assure themselves that they have not missed the "straight and narrow path" of rectitude, the only path fit for their pursuing—the only path that leads to honor and competency in this world, or bliss in the next. They should become deeply impressed with the vital importance of making proper and profitable use of the diamond years of youth—that youth is a season in which they should prepare themselves for entrance upon the arena of men, and to contest successfully in the intense competitions of life. "Art is long and Time is fleeting;" and they cannot afford to waste the bright period of youth—to which, in after years, they must look back with pleasure and pride, or with remorse and shame—in thought and reflection upon idle and unworthy themes.

A PLEA FOR CHILDHOOD.

There is a habit among parents about which, although we hope it is not as prevalent amongst our readers as others, we feel moved to say a word. It is that of impatience towards children, because of their propensity to ask many questions which seem silly to the adult and experienced mind.

A writer, who has given evidence of a wide range of observation and a discriminating judgment, has furnished a striking plea for childhood in this matter. He asks parents to imagine themselves in a strange country, where everything would be unknown to them, and asks them if they would not be apt to make constant inquiries of the older inhabitants, and so not only exhibit their ignorance, but do it in a way well calculated to excite the mirth of the questioned? He goes on to answer his own questions affirmatively, and to show what these adults in a strange land would do, unless they were downright dolts, as the only means of acquiring information.

What are little children but "strangers in a strange land?" Everything is new and strange to them. The range of their vision is very narrow at first. As it gradually widens, they become actively curious; so much so, that it requires a very well-informed and wide-awake parent to satisfy their curiosity. But suppose he or she fails to answer the hundred and one questions prompted by this curiosity, is the questioned justified in getting out of patience with the questioner? Surely not. Much less should the little prattler be scolded for "asking so many silly questions," perhaps by way of covering up conscious ignorance of things which ought to have been learned by the parent, as a preparation for parentage.

Have patience, parents, with the intensest desire to ask questions, however foolish they may seem to you, which may be shown by your little ones.

Young Men, who earnestly strive to make good and influential members of society, must continue onward in the straight and narrow path which leads to success. To make use of an old and homely exhortation,

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again."

It is the continual dripping of the water on the rock which wears it away. Continuous effort in the right direction will finally be crowned with success, and the slurs of villifiers silenced, and the joys of enemies turned into weeping. Somebody must be hurt in the heaving of society; somebody's toes must be stepped upon. Be active, and patient, and capable. Do your duty to yourself and your employers, even if you do stand on somebody's favorite corn, and then—somebody will hate you, and somebody like you.

LEAF-FALL.

BY L. C. A.

Fall—let them fall around;
Fall on the reddening ground;
Fall, as we fall away from life's sere tree
Into the ocean of Eternity:
Lost, swallowed up, and drowned.

Fall, though the sunds high,
And bright and blue the sky;
Yet every soughing wind its myriad sends,
Falling, still falling, as false-hearted friends
In our adversity.

Yet while they fall, still fall,
A bonnier light than all
A bluer sheen than yon autumnal sky,
Shines on me, as I feel thy love-lit eye
Dispel my being's thrall.

We walk, those leaves above,
Thy soft voice, like the dove,
Low murmuring; or as when, the woods among
On morn of Valentine, the wildbird's song
Whispers her mate of love.

So let them fall away,
Friends of the summer day—
False friends, who cannot bear affliction's test;
I know the love that liveth in thy breast
Will never fall away.

Never! Not even when
Beyond earth's narrow ken,
Like dead leaves fluttering in the autumn-tide,
We two have passed, our love shall still abide,
Shall have grown perfect then.

CHATTERTON.

BY H. F.

Wordsworth, in one of his poems, has the following fine passage, which dwells in many a reader's memory long after the remainder of the poem is forgotten:

"I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride;
Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough, by the mountain side;
By our own spirits are we deified;
The poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness."

A few words as to Thomas Chatterton, whom the great bard of Rydal Mount thus apostrophized, may not be unwelcome to my readers.

He was born in 1750. As a child he took special delight in the quaint and often gorgeous lettering of old manuscripts, with which circumstances had made him familiar.

His father was either the sexton or a singer in the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, in Bristol, England, and a coffer in that church contained a large collection of title deeds and other old manuscripts. Tradition says that the boy Chatterton would linger by the hour, turning over and perusing those old parchments of the middle ages.

Chivalry, heraldry and everything relating to the feudal period seemed to possess a curious fascination for Chatterton. His mind lived in and brooded over the past, until it seemed to him as real as the present. There was a new bridge to be opened in Bristol. The young poet's thoughts reverted at once to the completion of the old bridge, and the ceremonies which doubtless had marked that event. Soon he saw it all before him—how the friars first passed over in procession, then the titled men of the town, with flags flying and trumpets sounding. It was so real to him, that when he wrote it all out and sent it to a journal to be published, it imposed upon the editor, and he inserted it as a veritable account of the opening of the old bridge.

Of course it made a talk in Bristol. The paper was traced to Chatterton. Now-a-days no one would think of holding the author to a very serious responsibility. But virtue was enthroned in Bristol, and the poor boy was menaced with condign punishment if he was found to be imposing upon the worthy citizens. Chatterton answered their threats with disdainful words; but at last declared that he had copied the account from one of the old manuscripts in Redcliffe church. Some, probably the majority, believed him—why not? Besides it all made to the advantage of Bristol as a place of consequence in the olden time.

Chatterton triumphed in the success of his account. He had that desire for fame which is the spur of great and laborious deeds—in his case, it is true, not wisely directed.

Soon he discovered, as he alleged, a number of poems by Rowley, a priest of the fifteenth century. These poems were written in the antique style, and might well deceive all but experts into the belief that they were veritable ancient manuscripts.

The genuineness of these alleged poems by Rowley, became a subject of earnest and sometimes violent discussion among the literary classes of England. The general verdict was against them, though not a few able champions espoused their cause. The idea that a mere boy like Chatterton could imitate the ancient manuscripts seemed absurd; and in addition, that he could write poetry, some of it above the average, seemed more absurd still. Chatterton doubtless smiled in triumph as the fierce discussion went on.

Did he think he was doing wrong? I have no reason to suppose so. He was young and impulsive—and the pride of achievement no doubt triumphed over every other feeling. Later in life he might have regretted it—then it doubtless was but food for his vanity and ambition.

But he was poor, and this partial success in authorship unfitted him for the more servile duties of an attorney's clerk; besides, when did law and poetry ever agree? Encouraged by the promises of several booksellers, he left Bristol for that great maelstrom, London, in which so many gifted lives have gone down. At first he seemed to win a partial success, or perhaps his pride prompted him to write false statements to that effect to his mother and sisters. Like the Spartan boy, he would rather let the fox of poverty eat out his vitals, and tumble dead where he stood, than draw aside the cloak which hid his misery from the cold gaze of the world.

Things went with him from bad to worse. One day, the lady who kept the house where he lodged, Angel by name, and perhaps by nature, asked him to share her dinner with her. He looked, she said, as if he had not tasted food for two or three days. Wrapping himself up in his sensitive pride to the last, he assured her that he was not hungry.

The next day, after having first torn all his once-valued manuscripts into small pieces, he took poison, and was never more seen alive. So lived and died Thomas Chatterton, in the twentieth year of his age. Erring and reckless, in many respects, as his life was—and desperate and unhallowed as was his death—he must be a stern moralist who has aught but pity for him. Rather than utter cold, harsh words of blame, I for one would simply remember his genius, and that hour of "solemn agony," and class him, as Shelley does, with

"The inheritors of *unfulfilled renown*,
Who rest on thrones built beyond mortal thought,
Far in the unapparent."

A LOVER'S DISPUTE.

BY FREDERICK E. MILLS.

I wonder if anyone with ordinary eyesight and common sense has failed to observe the beginning of something more enduring than commonplace flirtation between mortals of opposite sexes, no matter how studiously their feelings may be disguised; and this thought leads me to wonder, still further, why the interesting objects of everybody's contemplation should, invariably, torture themselves into a perplexed state, by doubting the real existence of that affectionate regard, which is so plainly seen and understood by the rest of the world?

Ella Weston and Harry Norton had already decided and confessed to each other, that it would be impossible to "exist" unless said existence was mutually carried on; and Ella cried as if her heart would break because Harry had not visited her for *days* (the actual number of such days being correctly stated by the numeral 8); and yet she knew full well that in the recesses of her writing case there was a treasured letter, which began "My darling Ella;" and ended, "Ever, ever, ever, your own affectionate Harry," and that in the lines between, the letter told of a hurried journey, taken in the interest of his employers; and mentioned, *inter alia*, that her "dear face would never be present in his dreams." Still, that terrible green-eyed monster, Doubt (a more terrible and greener-eyed monster than Jealousy, I think,) had whispered, "Ah me! he loves me not—he loves me not, I fear," and already she had thoroughly determined to be the "wretchedest mortal in the wide, wide world."

And Harry. Well his business was over and his journey was done. "Dear Ella," he pondered, drearily, "does she really love me? I'd give the world to know in what manner she has passed her time these three days! Perhaps Frank has occupied most of it. He is such an agreeable fellow, while I am such a bear! Women are very changeable," he sagely added, "and, after all, although she did say 'Yes' when I proposed, who knows that she really loves me?

"I don't think she's a flirt. Yet, at that ball last week, she danced with Frank three dances, I remember; and she said she never in her life enjoyed herself so much. What an idiot I am that I never learned to dance!

"Then there's that lamppost, George Ferguson. He was horribly attentive, too! I once heard her say, how much she admired tall men! How can she love me, and I am only five feet two?"

Instead of hastening to her immediately, and satisfying every doubt—as a reasonable man would have done—he frittered away the evening (until it was too late to make a call) at his club. And some meddling, incautious, mutual friend, whom he had met by the way, and to whom he had bowed, from an opposite side of the street, made it her business to inform Ella thus:

"I saw Harry Norton, dear, last night. I met him very near to Bella Montrose's, at seven."

To which, of course, Ella replied with a slight pout of her pretty lip, and a shrug of her beautiful shoulder.

"It is of no possible consequence to me, in what manner Mr. Norton may choose to pass his time," and her heart beat rapidly the while.

Then the incautious friend replied—

"I thought you'd like to know, dear."

"Oh, no, dear, not at all," was Ella's answer, and her words were calmly spoken, although she was choking inwardly, and wished her friend would go.

And when at last she was gone, Ella cried a little more, and determined that she would not expose her weakness, for all the world.

"I will bear my sorrows alone," she soliloquized. "He shall never know—never! *never!*"

After the damage was done, the truant appeared; looking as melancholy as a sleepless night could make him.

She was distant, fearfully distant. He, sulky and morose. She thought she could see an acknowledgment of his treachery in his face. He thought, "I was quite right, she never cared for me."

He intended to be quite sure, however, so he went quite near to her, and commenced to make sure, in the very worst possible way.

"Do you still really love me Ella?" he inquired, anxiously.

"Why?" she cautiously replied, tapping her foot gently upon the floor.

A pause.

"I will free you, dear, if you desire it, no matter what pain it may cause me to suffer."

She resorted to diplomacy.

"Did you think I accepted your proposal in real earnest, Mr. Norton?"

"Of course I did," he answered.

"You love another," she cried, hysterically.

"Who told you that, Ella?" he said, tenderly and yet reproachfully.

"Suffice it that I am sufficiently aware of the fact," she replied, judiciously.

"Ella, you are a coquette," he said, allowing his temper to outrun reason.

"Sir?" exclaimed the lady, scornfully.

"Farewell, Ella. I trust you may be happy," he marched towards the door, really believing this was the end, and thinking vaguely of suicide and so on.

Then she broke down utterly, and pitifously cried:

"Harry, hav—n't you one word of ex—plana—tion of your con—duct toward me?"

He wasn't to be had that way, so he tragically replied:

"*Your* conduct, Ella, has grieved me to the core."

Then she recovered her equilibrium, and said:

"Now, Harry, weren't you at Bella Montrose's last night?"

"Certainly not," said he, with real surprise.

"You will not deny that you were in the city?" This was sarcastically said.

"I returned yesterday."

"I was well informed then. Pray, sir, how did you pass your time—agreeably, I hope?"

"I will reply to that question, when you inform me in what manner you spent the evenings of my absence, Ella."

"I shall decline to make any reply whatever. You have no right to ask that of me."

There was silence during half an hour, during which he mentally discussed the relative merits of opium and prussic acid.

"We must not part in this way, Ella," he plaintively said, having arrived at no definite conclusion.

"I'm sure it's no fault of mine, Harry," she replied, thus meeting him half way.

"You do love me a little, then?"

"Well—perhaps."

"I absented myself yesterday, Ella, because I was very miserable."

"Oh, Harry, what was it?" she exclaimed, with a woman's true, impulsive, generous nature.

Then he confessed, and she confessed, and both admitted how stupid they had been and the quarrel was over.

The moral of all which is—never make long engagements. Never make an engagement at all, until you are both quite sure that each can promote the other's happiness. Then let the delay be brief. Many a lifelong heartache has followed the "little misunderstanding" that so often occurs during the trying months of probation and mutual sacrifice.

THINGS THAT PUZZLE ME.

Curious, isn't it, how some people in this world manage to live without paying their debts! I never could, even if I felt disposed to try, which, I am happy to say, is not the natural tendency of my disposition. There's Jones now; see what an establishment he keeps up—what a magnificent turnout, with the pair of blooded bays champing their gold-mounted bits. What silks and laces Mrs. J. and the girls wear! And Jones himself—see him at church, or at a dinner party! Could anything be more splendid than the fit of his coat—the sweep of his trowsers? And just observe, will you, that pin in his scarf—no paste there, nor "Alaska brilliant"—the genuine Simon Pure is that glittering little stone. Wonder if its owner is, though? Well, as I was saying, the mystery to me is how do these Joneses get along. They never pay their debts. Jones and I have the same tailor; so you see I know a thing or two in that direction. He won't mention me. Why is it that he favors Jones? I am only a bachelor of moderate means, with no special expectations for the future, unless somebody will be kind enough to adopt me. I board. Jones lives in a four-story, brown stone front. Perhaps that is the reason why Snip, my tailor, always sends in my bill at once, with the request that "Mr. Brown will please settle at his earliest convenience, and greatly oblige Snip & Co." And, of course, having a very moderate income, and being just a trifle particular about the cut of my coat, I always pay up at once for fear of losing my invaluable Snip. I used to think it was his rule to insist upon all of his customers paying promptly, until one day I heard him suggesting, in the most delicate and mildest of tones to my friend Jones, that he "would be very much indebted to him if he could spare just a little on his bill—times were so pressing, etc." Jones turned upon him with the air of a duke. "Your bill—oh—ah, Mr. Snip, certainly; just do me the favor to make it out, and send a statement to my office; certainly, my cashier will attend to it immediately." And Jones walked away with the air of a man who has just given away thousands in charity, poor Snip bowing and looking after him almost with tears in his eyes, and saying, under his breath, "The same old tune, and that I've heard for the last four years; and yet I can't afford to lose him for a customer. Well, I'll have to make it up out of somebody else," which latter clause, you will perceive, refers somewhat to me, or, at least, I am afraid it does, and that Snip will charge me two prices now for that pair of gray pants I ordered yesterday.

And so with Robinson, another acquaintance of mine. Why, that fellow has seen the rounds of nearly all the boarding houses in the city, I believe, and finally has brought up at mine. He never pays his bills, either, and yet he lives and eats, dresses, too. I am on pleasant terms with my landlady; I generally am; and she came to me the other day, poor soul, with a face as woebegone as if she had just lost her last friend, and asked me if I "could not just advance a weeks' board, she was so pushed, and there was that Mr. Robinson, had been there a month or more, and never had given her a cent after the first week." Of course I let her have it, though I wanted that money for something else. What can a man do when a woman comes with a long face and a pitiful story. But this is what puzzles me, how is it that Robinson gets off? I wonder if Mrs. Perkins never goes and cries to him, or if she does, how does he have the face to refuse to settle? Obliging as I have been to her, I feel convinced that if I were in arrears, she would soon give me notice to leave, or else forget to send my coffee until it was cold as ice, and serve up my omelet as tough as leather.

This is a queer world. I really believe that now; and have just concluded that it is not worth my while to try to comprehend all of the mysteries. I only hope I may not lose my income, for although I wouldn't object to having just a little more, I can manage to live within it: but without—Ah, I would never be able to settle my debts so cleverly as Jones and Robinson. How *do* they manage it?

J. Brown, Esq.

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

BY L. B.

"Houses are plenty, but there are very few homes," said a benevolent man who had spent the day in making friendly calls. "So where you will among the rich, or comfortably poor—it's all the same; home comforts are little thought of." Knowing him to be a genial, whole-souled man, the words sounded strangely at variance with his everyday life, and we ventured to inquire to what he had reference.

"Only this," and he threw himself down in the arm-chair before the grate, and held out his hands to the warm, bright fire; "only this; that display, and what will people think of us? are as natural to one class as another. I have seen to-day what makes my heart ache. These show-rooms, commonly called parlors, fitted up luxuriantly, carpets, curtains, mirrors, vases, paintings; in fine, all the *bijou* of a lifetime—everything that is good, pretty and valuable is brought into the parlor, and, if they study economy closely, keep it nicely covered with some plain, brown stuff, not for use, but merely to hide the dust that would otherwise accumulate, this room being the test of the wealth, pride and taste of the family. Every house that I have entered to-day has been of this stamp, save one—the *modus operandi* just the same. A ring at the door brings the servant; through the hall into the parlor, cold, chill, dimly lighted, the feeling is not as though in a cathedral, but in a monastery; the pattering of little feet—but far away—light laughter, perhaps, but it is in another part of the habitation. Presently a rustle of silk, and the one or more ladies enter radiant with smiles, blushes and beauty. Conversation goes on pleasantly—nothing could be happier. Not long before a laughing, frolicsome, curly-headed child, with a face all sunshine, presses in at the slightly open door. 'Freddy, run back, ma is engaged now.' 'Freddy wants to see you,' and he runs to his mother's chair. We try to speak to him, for his voice has touched a string in the heart that vibrates to the old time, when just such another bright, winsome little boy made music in our hearts and in our home. But no; ma cannot allow this. 'Freddy is not dressed;' and half crying, half defiant, with his little, fat, dimpled hand over his face, Freddy is led out, leaving the room colder, gloomier than it was before. Depositing her treasure in some secure place, the mother returns, but the spirit of conversation has departed; there's a shadow on my own brow, and anxiety on hers. The call is made—ended; we have entered the house, but not the home. I begin to think there are not many homes."

We waited for him to recover his breath, and then said: "There was one other."

"Yes;" and the good man had suddenly regained his vivacity. "You should have seen Mrs. Aston—it was a picture for a lifetime. I don't wonder Aston is rising in the world. It's worth while to work, when evening welcomes a man to such a paradise. The first ring brought a smart, tidy servant, who showed me at once into Mrs. Aston's presence. She met me with a glad, sweet smile, while she said, naively, 'You must excuse me; this is our parlor; we cannot afford expensive things, but both Mr. Aston and myself like bright, cheerful rooms; and then I think it improves the taste of the children; from being accustomed to the best we have at home, they are less awkward when they see something better; and as we receive none but our friends, we take it for granted they want to see the children also.' Here the baby began to crow and clap its little hands, while another was coaxed without too much timidity to my knee. It was as Mrs. Aston said. I was anxious to see the children. Mr. Aston is the only son of one of my college friends, and was himself a warm friend and close companion of my own lost Mary.

"A careful mother. Mrs. Aston could converse quite as well as any lady that I had met. A delicate ruffle fell through her fingers as she looked up archly, showing a just appreciation and understanding of all the questions of the day. She was well versed in society, and still found plenty of time to read, as well as to use her pen.

"'Do you find as much time to write as you used to?' we ventured to remark.

"'Oh, yes, with a methodical arrangement of time, giving each its exact space, I do not find that my new duties interfere with former habits of study.'

"'Then you do not agree with some of the sisterhood, that to be a wife is to say good-by to all mental improvement.'

"'On the contrary, I have never made so much advance before. We devote two evenings in the week to reading aloud—and you would be surprised to see how many books we have finished. We do not have any idle moments' and by giving each a place, it is all done easily.'

"She arose to put baby in her crib, and I saw through the half-open door into a larger, and what would be in summer a pleasanter room—a large book-case—well filled.

"It was my idea of a home, bright, cheerful, happy. A place where the husband could come for rest, quiet, happiness. The saloon will not have any attractions for Mr. Aston.

"The club will not win him; his home is a foretaste of that heaven which is to come—and he will not leave it."

AN ALLEGORY.

BY E. A. M.

Once on a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twigs said, "What is the matter, little leaf?"

"The wind," said the leaf, "just told me that one day it would whirl me off, and throw me down to the ground to die!"

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent word back to the leaf: "Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to."

And so the leaf left off sighing, and went on nestling and singing. And so it grew all through the summer till October. And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow, and some were scarlet, and some were striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said, "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy."

Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it; and when it was very gay in colors, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and to the leaf said, "Oh, branch, why are you lead-colored and we golden?"

"We must keep on our work-clothes," said the tree, "for our life is not done yet; but your clothes are for a holiday, because your task is over."

Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it; and the wind took it up and turned it over and over, whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and let it fall gently down, and then under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves, and it fell into a dream, and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

Wit is not the produce of study; it comes almost as unexpectedly on the speaker as the hearer; one of the first principles of it is good temper; the arrows of wit ought always to be feathered with smiles; when they fall in that they become sarcasms.

There is no virtue that adds so noble a charm to the finest traits of beauty as that which exerts itself in watching over the tranquility of an aged parent. There are no tears that give so noble a lustre to the cheeks of innocence as the tears of filial sorrow.

News of Interest

The railroad accident crop in England, in 1873, was above the average. The accidents numbered 247, the killed 1,872, and the wounded 3,110.

The Armenian peasantry about Mount Ararat believe that the world rests on a large ox, which, being irritated by a fly, tosses its head, and thus causes earthquakes.

At a recent marriage ceremony at Jevington, East Sussex, England, the wedding ring was placed on the third toe of the bride's left foot—because she had no hands.

Temperance reformers will soon have a new enemy to face. The annual importation of opium into this country now amounts to two hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

A monster lobster, measuring fourteen inches round the body, thirty-five and a half inches from tail to feelers, and ten inches round each claw, and weighing ten pounds, was caught off Bognor lately and forwarded to the Brighton aquarium.

Forty-three pit seats, twenty-two upper boxes and two stalls are allotted every night to one Parisian *claque* contractor for his "Romans" by the management of one of the principal Paris theatres.

The Mikado of Japan is selling off certain images, and advertises one of them as follows: "For sale, at Kama-Kura, a very fine idol, with six arms. It is fifteen feet high, and was cast in bronze at Sheffield."

The following will be found to be the number of letters in the alphabet of the different nations, viz.: English, 26; French, 25; Italian, 20; Spanish, 27; German, 26; Slavonic, 42; Russian, 36; Latin, 22; Greek, 24; Hebrew, 22; Arabic, 98; Persian, 31; Turkish, 28; Sanscrit, 44; Chinese radical characters, 214.

The Mayor of Southampton, England, believes in pleasure by the wholesale. He recently gave a tea to twelve thousand Sunday school children, six thousand teachers and several thousands of visitors! In addition to the tea, five bands performed sacred music, and the entertainment finished with a display of fireworks.

An Important Invention.—A new invention in cotton machinery is announced, which is to work a greater revolution in the cotton business than was accomplished by the invention of the cotton gin. It makes a thread without glaning, is much stronger than the present spun thread, and the machine only costs $250.

Messrs. Crosse & Blackwell state that in 1873 they preserved 1,100 tons of fruits—namely: 300 tons of raspberries, 200 of strawberries, 100 of red currants, 100 of black currants, and 400 of other kinds. These fruits are mostly grown within twenty miles of London, chiefly about Bexley Heath and its neighborhood. This is the largest quantity put up by any single manufactory.

The famous mare "Goldsmith Maid," whose extraordinary performances on the turf are so well known, has recently outdone all her previous exploits. She trotted a mile in two minutes and fifteen and one-half seconds. This is not only the fastest time she has ever made, but it is believed to be the fastest ever performed by any trotter, as it certainly is the greatest recorded. Over twenty thousand spectators are said to have witnessed the surprising feat.

In London there are a little over nineteen miles of underground railways, upon which seventy engines are employed running trains every four minutes, at an average speed of fifteen miles an hour. Sixty-five million passengers were carried last year, or three and a half million per mile. The average fare was five cents, cost of carrying less than two and a third cents per passenger, and net profit over two and two-thirds cents per passenger. The rate of increase of business on the underground railways has been three hundred and sixty per cent. in ten years.

A census of Japan has at length been taken, this, so far as is known, being the first enumeration of that people. It is announced as the census for "the fifth year of Meiji, the 2532d year from the accession of Jimmu Tenno," which corresponds to the year 1872 of our calendar. By this census the population of Japan is given at 33,110,825, there being about 480,000 more males than females. There are in that country 7,107,841 houses, 89,914 Buddhist temples and 128,123 "shinto shrines." One-half the people are classed as agriculturists, 701,000 as artisans, and 1,809,000 as merchants.

The new eighty-ton gun is progressing at Woolwich. When finished, this monster piece of ordnance will be greater than twice the size of the largest gun in existence, and its destructive powers at fighting range proportionate. With a sixteen-inch projectile, weighing sixteen hundred and fifty pounds, and its maximum charge of three hundred pounds of powder, it will pierce the best iron plates, twenty inches thick, at five thousand yards, sixteen inches plates at fifty-three hundred yards, and will pitch a sixteen-inch shell into a ship or fortress at a distance of ten thousand three hundred yards. The steel block forming the inner tube was the largest ever cast, weighing over twelve tons; while the trunnion piece, about eighteen tons, was the largest forging ever produced at the arsenal. The actual cost of this fearful engine of war will not fall far short of $42,500.

Theatrical performances were not always given in France of an evening. Up to the commencement of the seventeenth century they always took place by daylight. A decree, dated 1600, issued by King Henry IV., prohibited the prolongation of theatrical performances after four o'clock, from St. Martin's day to February 15th. They were obliged to commence at two o'clock. Under Louis XIV. plays were first played by night in Paris at the Hotel de Bourgoigne, and this because the Cure of St. Eustache told the king that when they were represented before vespers people missed that service in order to be present. From that king's reign to the present time the French theatres have always commenced between seven and eight o'clock. In many little Italian and Spanish cities the theatres open at four and the curtain rises at half past. Even now the whole performance is over at half past seven, and not unfrequently in summer the people go from the theatre to church. But then the performances have mostly been of a religious nature.

FAIRIES & GODMEN — FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS

THE FAIRY APPLE.

BY MYRTLE BLOSSOM.

Of course you haven't a fairy godmother. No little boys or girls have now. But there were once two sisters named Ella and Martha, who had a fairy godmother, and she came often to see them.

They would hear a little whizzing and whisking outside of the door, and there they would find her chariot, made out of a cocoanut shell, and her footman-frog, quite out of breath with having run all the way after the chariot, and pounding at the door.

The fairy godmother herself was a pretty, little, plump old woman, with merry black eyes, only she was so small, so very small. She always wore a dress made out of a white lily leaf. It is very odd that a dress could be made out of a lily leaf; but then she had a fairy dressmaker, of course. Over this dress she wore a monstrous cloak made out of a mouse-skin, and a bag made of a stuffed caterpillar. And you need not be shocked at that, I am sure; for it is certainly no worse to wear a caterpillar's skin than a mink or sable skin; and her bonnet was made out of a violet, by a fairy milliner, of course; and over the whole she had a long veil of the finest spider's silk.

When she came she always brought her knitting. Her needles were golden, and her yarn made of spider's silk; and she knitted as fast as she talked, which was fast enough, I promise you.

Now one day, after she had been knitting and talking awhile, she took out of her pocket an apple—a great, splendid, rosy-cheeked fellow—and laid it on the table.

"That is a fifty apple, children," said their godmother. "It will last the year round; for as fast as you eat it, it will grow again."

Both the girls looked anxiously at the apple, and then doubtfully at each other; for each was anxious to have it.

"I have brought it for that child," said the godmother, "that can give me the most for it. I will leave it here a week, and you must each try and get as much as you can to give me for it. Only remember what you may call much I may think little, and what you may think little I may call much."

So saying she went away, and Ella and Martha began at once to dispute whose it would be.

"I have a gold ring," said Martha, "and a string of gold beads, and three crowns in silver."

"And I have a beautiful fur muff, and a bracelet, and two crowns in silver," answered Ella.

"And I——" commenced Martha.

But just then came a knock at the door. Martha ran to open it, thinking it was their Uncle George, who was rich, and who, she felt sure, would give her a gold piece if she should ask him for it; but, instead of that, it was only her Aunt Kate, who was very poor, and who had hardly enough money to live from day to day.

"Oh! it is you, is it, Aunt Kate?" said Martha, crossly, and went back at once to her seat by the fire, leaving her aunt to get the snow off her shawl and shut the door herself.

Seeing that, Ella jumped up, and shook out her shawl for her, and drew up a chair for her aunt by the fire.

"Ugh! how cold it is!" shivered her poor aunt, spreading out her thin fingers before the fire.

"Your hands look like beet roots, they are so red, Aunt Kate," said Martha, pertly.

"They are very cold, child," answered her aunt. "I have a long way to walk through the snow, you know; and I have lost my muff after carrying it for so many years. I keep my hands under my shawl, but they are cold for all that."

When Ella heard that she began to consider with herself; and, after awhile, she stole around to her mother's chair and said in a whisper, "Mamma, may I give my muff to Aunt Kate. She is so old, and so cold, and has so far to walk through the snow, and you know, she is poor, she can never buy another one."

"But what will you do yourself?" asked her mother. "You know you cannot have another muff this winter."

"Yes. But I have such good warm mittens, and such a good thick cloak, and no long walks to take."

"Very well," said the mother."

So away ran Ella and brought the muff, with which Aunt Kate was much delighted.

Martha was pleased also, for she said to herself "Ella will not have so much to give for the fairy apple."

Just then in came her Uncle George, and, running to him, Martha begged a gold piece of him, which he gave her; but when Ella came running, too, "I am very sorry," said Uncle George, "but I haven't another. Wait till next month, when I come again, and then you shall have one."

"That will do you no good, though," whispered Martha, "for godmother is coming in a week. And you have given your muff away, besides."

A day or two after that the children's father came home with a sad story of a poor family freezing and starving to death.

Ella brought out her two crowns in silver at once, and gave to her father for the poor family.

"Now you have nothing," said Martha.

"I know," answered Ella, "and I am very sorry. I wanted the apple so much! But how could I let those poor people suffer?"

"It is not your business," said Martha. "For my part, I think a shilling quite enough to give. I shall keep the rest for the apple."

So the week went on, and the fairy godmother came.

"It is mine," said Martha. "The apple is mine! See! I have a ring and gold beads and three crowns in silver, and Uncle George gave me a piece of gold."

"And what have you got?" asked the fairy of Ella.

"Alas! nothing," said Ella. "I gave my muff to Aunt Kate, and my two crowns to some people who were starving."

"Then," answered the fairy, "you are much richer than Martha, who has selfishly kept everything for herself. Take the apple. It is yours."

"But," whimpered Martha, "you said the apple was for the one that could give the most."

"True," returned her godmother. "But I said also, that what you might call much, I might call little. You forget that."

THE WONDERFUL CARPET.

BY AUNT KATIE.

Hugh was a boy who never could wait. Before you had half finished your sentence, Master Hugh was out of your sight, too impatient always to wait and find out where you wanted him to go, or what you wished him to see. Hugh's mother had preached to him often on the subject, but all her preaching made no difference; and so there happened what I am about to tell you.

One day he came down late to breakfast, and nothing was left for him but bread and a jar of honey; and just as Hugh was about to take his seat, he heard a great struggling and murmuring in the jar; and, peeping over the edge, oh! what should he see but a lovely little elf that had tumbled in. The elf was shaped like any little boy. But then he was so small! Not longer altogether than your little finger—if your finger is not very long—with blue eyes, shining with mischief, and a little pair of wings, that could not help him, however, out of the jar. So, he said to Hugh, "Oh! please help me out, and I will make your fortune."

And Hugh, putting his forefinger into the jar, the elf walked up on it, as you would on a bridge, and came out on the table.

"Now for my fortune!" cries impatient Hugh. "But——"

"Wait a bit," answered the elf. "I can't do everything while I am in this pickle."

And, indeed, a deplorable figure he looked, for his wings were so gummed with honey that he could not spread them, and all his sunny curls were dripping and flat, and fast on this pretty head.

"What shall I do?" cried the elf, "if a bee should come and find me now? I am a dead elf."

Then seeing a lovely white rose looking in at the window, he exclaimed, "Oh, dear rose, help me, I beg of you!"

"Who—I?" cried the rose, shutting all her leaves in a violent hurry. "Do you suppose I wish to soil my beautiful white leaves?"

"Oh! what shall I do?" cried the elf.

"Why, I will scrub you," said Hugh, taking up a napkin; but at that the elf was more frightened than ever.

"Scrub me! Why you would smash me into bits."

But, just then, a bank of grass, all wet with dew, and thick with violets, called out, "Come here, elf, and we will help you."

So the elf rolled in the grass among the violets, and presently came out, looking as fresh and trim as usual.

"And now, young man," said he to Hugh, "I promised to make your fortune."

"Yes, yes!" cried Hugh, all on fire with impatience; for just as soon as his fortune was made, he intended to march straight down the street and buy a pony that he had seen the day before; and, of course, he was in a hurry to be on the pony's back.

"You must know," said the elf, "that there is a wonderful carpet that will carry you anywhere you like to go, and that, though only a yard square, can carry an army of men. Now, I can tell you where this carpet is, and you can sell it to the king, and then your fortune will be made."

Just think how Hugh opened his eyes at that. He decided at once that he would buy two Shetland ponies; and, getting down his cap, he could hardly wait to hear where the wonderful carpet was to be found.

"You must take the wood path," said the elf, "and when you come to the turn, be sure you keep to the right; go on till you find an old owl sitting on a rock. Tell him the lily elf sent you to ask him what o'clock it is. He will get up from the wonderful carpet, on which he is sitting, to see; and then do you seize the——"

"Oh, yes, I see! I know!" cried Hugh, too impatient to listen another instant; and running out of the door, was out of sight in an instant.

"What a fool that boy is!" said the elf, looking after him.

But Hugh did not hear him. Running as hard as he could tear, he came to the forest, and there stopped for lack of breath; but he had been so eager to get off that he had hardly heard what the elf had said, and when he came to the turn, he fancied that he was to go to the left. This path took him deeper and deeper into the forest, till at last he came to a great rock, overhung by the branches of a tree, through which he saw something dimly white. Thinking that it was the owl, he stepped up to the rock, and said, boldly, "Good Mr. Owl, the lily elf sent me to ask what o'clock it is."

But, unluckily, instead of an owl, this was a wicked water-goblin, of whom every one was afraid.

"I'll teach you to ask me what o'clock it is," thundered the goblin, splashing down through the trees in a great roaring, foaming waterfall that took Hugh off his feet in a moment.

Over he went, bobbing about like a cork; now his heels up, and now his head, splashing and spluttering, gurgling and screaming, while the water dashed and laughed about him, till, at last, he caught by the branch of a tree and pulled himself out. Oh! a wet and miserable boy was he; crawling home, his clothes so heavy with water that he could hardly walk; and what was worse, he lost the fortune, for, after that, he never could find the owl.

You see, fairy opportunities come but once, and Hugh lost his because he was too impatient to wait and hear all the elf had to say.

At times, it needs only a few cold drops of cold words to make the hot, flowing soul, upon the contact of the strange, cold bodies, scatter like molten lead in zigzag and globules.

It is the most momentous question a woman is ever called on to decide, whether the faults of the man she loves will drag her down, or whether she is competent to be his earthly redeemer.

Were it given to our organic eye to see into the minds of others, we should judge a man much more surely from what he dreams than from what he thinks; there is will in the thought, there is none in the dream.

SUMMER SWEET, GOOD BYE!

BY C. CORILL.

Gold and red, and purple leaves flutter down the wind;
With the snow of thistledown all the lanes are lined.
Clear and keenly blue the sky;
Hurrying birds are flying high,
Singing, "Summer sweet, good bye;
Summer sweet, good bye."

Sheaves are nodding in the sun, as if passed along,
In a gay, fantastic rout, Summer's fairy throng.
Where the fading willow swings,
Where the nest deserted clings,
Listen to the brook that sings,
"Summer sweet, good bye."

Woodlands whisper and farewells; squirrels frisk and spring;
Patter, patter, rain the nuts for their harvesting.
Flocks of merry birds go by,
'Neath the heart's unclouded sky,
Hopeful, trustful, while we sigh,
"Summer sweet, good bye!"

DOWLAH, THE SNAKE-CHARMER!

OR,

THE MAID OF CAWNPOOR.

A Mystery of India Beyond the Ganges.

BY ORPHINIA R. CHARNOCK.

[This serial was commenced in No. 6, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER V.

"O, pale, pale face! O, helpless hands!
Sweet eyes by fruitless watching wronged,
Yet turning ever toward the lands
Where wars and feuds are thronged."

The first outbreak in the noted Sepoy insurrection occurred at Berhampore on the 25th of February, 1857. No further mutiny followed for several months, although the whole country was in a ferment, and it was plain to nearly all that the rumbling volcano must speedily burst forth. On the 10th of the following May came tidings of the revolt and massacre at Meerut, followed, on the next day, by the terrific massacre at Delhi, and the proclamation of the Mogul Empire on the 12th of the same month.

The foregoing comprehends the progress which the rebellion had made up to the beginning of June—that is, so far as it came to the ears of Captain Ned Livingston, who sailed from Calcutta with a very strong hope that the British government would be able to make its power felt in such a manner that there would be no further spread of the insurrection, and that its suppression must speedily follow.

But he now learned from the papers that came to hand that the terrible insurrection was running like fire in the stubble, with no hand seemingly powerful enough to check it.

On the last day of May, before the Nautilus had left the waters of Calcutta, the meeting and massacre at Lucknow took place; but what agitated him more than any other tidings was the official announcement that Cawnpoor had been invested on the 6th of June by Nana Sahib. The news from that place was up to the 30th of the same month, when shortly after telegraphic communication was cut off, and at which time General Wheeler was still holding out, although it was certain that he must speedily succumb unless assistance reached him.

This was the summary of the news that reached the ears of Captain Livingston as he was on the eve of sailing from Colombo to Calcutta, and it will be seen that it could not have been much worse, as it left everything in a state of the most doubtful suspense; and as the Nautilus sped up the Bengal Sea it can easily be understood that the mind of the distressed lover was in the most active condition possible. By a comparison of dates and the rate of traveling in British India, he reasoned that his beloved Cora had reached the vicinity of Cawnpoor at the most dangerous and critical time. It must have been near the latter part of the month, at which time the Nana had completely invested the city, so that an attempt to reach the latter was almost certain to be followed by capture and death. The outlying country, for hundreds of miles, was nothing less than a camping ground of the dusky demons, so that the most favorable construction possible placed the life of Cora in the greatest danger.

From the foregoing it will be understood in how great a degree the safety of the girl depended upon the fidelity of her escort. If they should remain true, there was some prospect of her being sheltered and saved; but one of the most horrifying accompaniments of the trouble in India was the black treachery that marked its progress.

Thus it was that on this flaming day in July, 1857, the American brig Nautilus was cruising off and on the Mahanuddy coast, while Captain Ned Livingston, the commander, glass in hand, was carefully scanning the shore in quest of the expected signal from Dowlah, the Snake-Charmer, who properly ought to be known by some other appellation since he had turned scout and detective. When the sun of the first day descended, and nothing had been seen or heard of the fellow, the captain stood out to sea for the night, returning again at daybreak and renewing his surveillance of the coast.

When this had continued for several days, it began to assume a certain monotony to all, and especially to the other officers of the brig, who grew weary of straining their eyes in one direction without discerning the object of their search. As there was no telling but this might continue indefinitely, and as the anxiety and suspense of the lover was becoming really distressing, he determined upon a very rash and dangerous proceeding, which was nothing more nor less than to send the Nautilus up to Calcutta under charge of the mate, while he landed upon the coast and attempted to hunt out Dowlah, who he hoped was at no great distance with his precious charge. Several of the officers ventured to remonstrate with him, and Burkiss, the first mate, came out with the clinching statement that it was decidedly unprofessional.

"Can't help it, Dick," replied the captain, with a decided shake of his head. "Do you suppose that if I took a fleet of vessels into New York, for Mr. Wilson, laden with the wealth of India, it would be anything like a compensation for the loss of his daughter? I leave my own feelings out of the question."

"No one can attempt to dispute your position," replied the mate. "I've a wife and little one, in a little cottage among the New Hampshire hills, and I can't think of anything possible for a man to do that I wouldn't be glad to do for them; but then the deuce of it is, captain, I can't understand in what way you are going to help Miss Wilson. There is a long stretch of country between here and Cawnpoor, and you will need protection just as much as she does when you once get out of sight of the Nautilus. It looks to me as if a man who didn't know how to swim jumped overboard to save another from drowning."

"It isn't so bad as that," replied Captain Ned, with a laugh. "If I supposed it possible that she was half the distance between here and Cawnpoor, and unable to approach any nearer, I know how utterly impossible it would be for me to reach her; but I am disposed to take a much more favorable view of the case. You have not seen Dowlah, and do not know his wonderful skill. His nativity enables him to go wheresoever he chooses among his people, and no matter where Cora is, he can reach her."

"Provided, of course, he knows where to look for her."

"What should hinder him from knowing? But I may not venture far away from the coast; I may wait here until the scout returns, or I may venture some distance into the interior. This portion of the Bengal province is as safe as if we stood upon American soil; the danger is up in the valley of the Ganges."

Before leaving the Nautilus, Captain Ned climbed to the masthead, and with his glass carefully scrutinized the shore for several miles inland, in the hope of detecting the signal for which he had been looking so long in vain. Some distance to the north could be seen the broad bay-like mouth of the Mahanuddy, the waters of which were of a dirty yellow color, so that they could be clearly distinguished for a long distance as they flowed out to sea. There was no town or village at what was properly the mouth of this large river, but as far as the vision extended the native huts were plainly visible at different points, and here and there a fishing boat could be seen, sometimes at rest and again moving slowly over the surface of the water. On the north, east and south the blue horizon shut down upon the billowy Bengal sea, and at different points on the deep, the cloud-like sails of the merchantmen could be seen as they sped away towards their destinations in widely different portions of the world. The country, so far as the eye was able to distinguish, was of an undulating, varied character, covered mostly with tropical trees, and scattered here and there over its surface was to be distinguished the quaintest villages, the inhabitants of which seemed as quiet and peaceful as though so many hundreds of their brothers were not fighting so desperately for the maintenance of the Mogul empire, which had been proclaimed but such a short time before. Yet among them was the same traitorous, bloodthirsty disposition that had been displayed by those who lived in the valley of the Ganges, and the American captain felt a little additional pulsing of the heart as he reflected that he meant so soon to trust his life among them. It might be that a revolt was ripening among them; but he had considered all these questions and had reached his conclusion. He had made the discovery that the distance between Cawnpoor and the mouth of the Mahanuddy was fully one hundred and fifty miles less than between that city and Calcutta. In fact, it was the shortest route to the sea-coast, and he felt a strong hope that Cora was already near at hand and that no very extended journey into the interior was necessary in order to reach her.

If there was a rashness in this proceeding of Captain Livingston it was not without its method. He had more discretion than to start upon what might be termed a hunt for Dowlah and Cora, when the two might meet and pass within a hundred yards of each other without either party suspecting. Besides giving a letter to his beloved in charge of the Sepoy, he had made a positive understanding with him, so far as it was possible to approach an understanding under the circumstances. The Snake-Charmer had given him a description of the signals, and that he would use every effort to strike the Mahanuddy just below the town of Suwabhpoor, which was about two hundred miles from the mouth. If the captain chose to ascend the river with his vessel, or in a small boat, the guide promised to be on the lookout for him; but he advised him by all means not to attempt the ascent of the river with his vessel; for, although the stream was navigable for good sized vessels for quite a distance from its mouth, yet the Nautilus would be certain to attract troublesome attention, and in the present excited condition of the population it was more than likely that the entire crew would be overcome and massacred.

This will explain why he did not resort to the means that would undoubtedly have presented themselves first to any one situated as he was. He meant to make his ascent of the river as secret as possible; on the lookout constantly for his friend, and prepared to encounter all sorts of danger at every step of the way. It will be understood, too, how necessary it was that he should have some companion and guide on such an expedition; and accordingly upon landing he began looking around for some such person.

His experience with Dowlah taught him the difficulty of securing a suitable ally, but after carefully turning the matter over in his mind he concluded to try one of the fishermen in the river near at hand.

CHAPTER VI.

"Stand like rocks are gray cliffs, that mock
The whirlwind; stand in her defence;
The blast as soon shall move the rock
As rushing squadrons bear ye hence."
—Bryant.

It is necessary before resuming the thread of our narrative to glance at the situation of affairs in and about Cawnpoor at this most critical period of its history, and at the most critical period also in the history of those whose fortunes constitute the interest of our story.

The city of Cawnpoor is the capital of the district of the same name in the province of Allahabad and presidency of Bengal, and is on the right bank of the Ganges, whose width at this point varies from one-fourth to a full mile, the stream being navigable the entire distance to the sea. The population of the city twenty years ago was a hundred thousand, and its situation is such that during the Sepoy mutiny it was one of the first and most dangerous places. A month or two before the events already narrated, Cawnpoor was the scene of a curious and incomprehensible incident, which caused no little speculation and alarm. It was discovered by the authorities that the chowkeydars, or village policemen, were speeding from Cawnpoor through the villages and towns of the peninsula, distributing on their way a mysterious symbol, of the origin of which no European could at the time form an intelligible idea or conjecture its purpose. The manner of effecting this singular movement, which has proven to be somewhat analagous to the fire-cross of the Highland clans, was shown by a chowkeydar of Cawnpoor running to another in Futteghur, the next village, and placing in his hands two chupatties (small unleavened cakes, about the size of a gingerbreadnut, and similar in composition to the ordinary food of the poorer classes), and directing him to take ten more of the same kind, and give two of them to each of the five nearest chowkeydars, with instructions to repeat the same thing. He was obeyed, and in a few hours the whole country was in a state of excitement on account of these policemen running from village to village with these cakes. The wave spread over the provinces with a speed never yet equaled by the bearers of government dispatches. The English officers in the districts through which this extraordinary and mysterious operation progressed with lightning-like rapidity were bewildered. Some of the messengers were arrested, and themselves and cakes examined by the magistrates and superior police, who looked at, handled and tasted the latter, but could not arrive at any satisfactory conclusion respecting them. The chowkeydars declared themselves ignorant of the source whence they originated, or of the object in view by their transmission and distribution over the country, which they believed to be by order of the government. Some time previous to this an incendiary address, written in Hindoostani, was placarded at Madras, calling upon all true believers to rise against the English and drive them from India, and there can be no question but what there was a connection between the two.

The town and military station of Cawnpoor is sometimes spoken of as the ancient and modern towns, which extend for five miles along the Ganges, and, being built upon a sandy plain, the place during the summer time is fearfully hot, and subject to the scarcely more tolerable annoyance of overwhelming clouds of dust, that penetrate the very inmost apartments. The greater number of the houses are constructed of unbaked mud; but most of the bungalows and residences of the European inhabitants are of brick and other durable materials, well furnished and surrounded by handsome gardens. The chief promenade of the town is a magnificent avenue, leading from the centre of it to the race-course, near which is a spacious plain, used by the troops as a camping-ground and for military evolutions during the cool season.

The chief part of the town proper has been rebuilt since it came into the possession of the English, the old Hindoo town adjacent being a place of little importance, and chiefly inhabited by the native population. Some of the mosques, with which both towns are studded, still show traces of their pristine glory. The first intelligence of the mutiny at Meerut (which it will be remembered occurred on the 10th of May), reached Cawnpoor on the 16th. The garrison of the station at that time was almost without any other than native troops, the only English regiment having a short time previously been transferred to Lucknow, and the force under the command of Gen. Sir Hugh Wheeler now consisted of the First, Fifty-third and Fifty-sixth, native regiments, the Second Regiment of Bengal light cavalry and about fifty European enrolled artillerymen.

The station being built upon a dead level, without any fort or place of refuge in case of extremity, it was in every respect ill adapted for defence or for the protection of the European residents. When, therefore, the news of the Meerut revolt reached Cawnpoor, and it became evident that the example was one likely to be followed by the native troops in other places, Sir Hugh Wheeler at once applied his resources to the preparation of a fortified position, in which, at all events, he might securely await the arrival of reinforcements. To accomplish this, he selected an unfinished, detached building, near the centre of the grand parade, intended for a military hospital, having on its northwest side a range of other buildings, and on the northeast a church, also unfinished.

These several edifices were connected with breastworks, and the whole was surrounded by an entrenchment, within which were collected ammunition, stores and provisions, equal to thirty days consumption for a thousand persons; and thus prepared the General awaited the first signal of danger to remove the women, children and noncombatants of the station to the shelter provided. It was not until the end of May that the commander began to entertain serious misgivings of the fidelity of his troops.

Then the restlessness among them became so great, that he could not fail to realize the imminence of his danger. The public treasure at this time was at Nawabgungee, some four miles away, and amounted to seven lacs of rupees, a sum equal to about four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A collector was sent to remove this to Cawnpoor, but he was not permitted to do so, the Sepoy guard sending back an insolent message; whereupon General Wheeler applied to the Rajah of Bithoor, living a dozen miles away, for assistance in guarding the treasury.

This was promptly granted, and three hundred men were placed in charge of the money. The Rajah who thus readily complied with the request of the English commander, was that arch fiend of India, known in history as Nana Sahib, who, at this time, was so implicitly trusted by the British authorities as to be believed incapable of treachery, and who on his part, "with joined hands," assured the General and his officers that he would assist them to the fullest extent of his power, in repressing any mutinous effort of the native troops.

As this same personage is to play a part in the incidents here narrated, it is proper that a brief history of his career should be given. His true name was Nana Dhoonda Paut, known more familiarly as "Nana Sahib of Bithoor." Among the natives of Hindostan to be sonless is considered the greatest misfortune that can befall a Hindoo—the Brahmin in particular—the Brahmin prince most of all.

It is not merely the desire of having a successor, or of continuing the family name, that induces this feeling, but a father whose son shall have the honor of lighting the funeral pyre, and of performing the annual "shraads" and "muntras," will be doubly blessed in Kylas; which expression rendered in intelligible language means, that the son who makes the annual prayers and offerings for the "manes" of the departed, essential in Hindoo theology, shall thus be blessed in the heavenly abode after death.

Bajee Rab Peishina, the former Rajah of Bithoor, was sonless, and, therefore, adopted several boys from the Konkance Brahmins, to which class he belonged, one of whom was Nana Sahib, who by caste was a "Bhutt," or poet, and the son of an impoverished Konkance Brahmin. He was born at the base of the Matharan mountains, about thirty miles east of Bombay. He became the favorite of his patron, who died in 1851, and left him his heir and the sole successor to his property; but the East India Company refused to recognize all his claims, fully authorized as they were by his own religion and laws, and on this account, there is little doubt but what his heart was filled with the most intense disgust and hatred toward them. He was thirty-two years of age at the time of the Sepoy mutiny; but looked much older; was quite corpulent, with a round face, wild, brilliant, restless eyes, complexion no darker that of a Spaniard, and a certain air of joviality and good humor, that at first sight rendered him prepossessing in the eyes of a stranger.

On the 30th of May, two companies of Her Majesty's Eighty-fourth Regiment arrived at Cawnpoor, having been pushed forward by extraordinary exertion from Calcutta. Matters became so critical that the women and children were shortly after moved within the entrenchment. On the fifth of June, the Second Bengal light cavalry revolted, set fire to the bungalow of their quartermaster sergeant, took possession of all the government elephants and started in the direction of Nawabgungee. A half hour later the First Regiment mutinied, and with wild shouts and in great excitement left the lines and followed in the same direction. Shortly after the commissioned officers of the Fifty-third and Fifty-sixth Regiments waited upon General Wheeler, and informed him that the whole of their men were in a state of insubordination, that they had been tampered with by the Sowars, and that remonstrances were unavailing to induce them to return to their duty. While this interview was in progress, the men broke out in revolt, and after inflicting a vast deal of wanton destruction, were dispersed by a couple of shots, and they too hurried away in the direction taken by the cavalry.

These mutineers sent a request to Nana Sahib that he would place himself at their head as their leader, and he readily acquiesced, arriving shortly after at Nawabgungee with four guns and six hundred men. It was the expressed wish of the rebels that he lead them to Delhi, where, on the 18th of May, Mahomed Suraj-oo-doen Shah Ghazee had been declared king of the newly proclaimed Mohul Empire; but, in an address to them, he advised them to wait until they should perform some achievement that would commend them to the favor of the king. He promised to supply them all with food, and as the most desirable exploit, he recommended, "Kill all the English in Cawnpoor and I will give you each a golden bracelet." This proposition was received with frantic exclamations of delight, a subahdar was appointed general of the army and second in command to Nana Sahib; the havildars and naiks (sergeants and corporals) were made captains, lieutenants and ensigns, and "orders" were issued to promote the efficiency of the troops. At this juncture the golundanzes of the Oude horse battery, within the entrenchments at Cawnpoor, exhibited such insubordination, that General Wheeler promptly disarmed and turned them out, and they hurried away in a fierce rage and joined the forces of Nana Sahib that same night. Their reports of the position and strength of the European forces were such that the Nana started at once for Cawnpoor, and took up his position on the plain of Sonahdah, about two miles west of the entrenchments, and from this point he sent a summons to General Wheeler to surrender the entrenched position and town to the forces of the king of Delhi, while at the same time he despatched fifty troopers to the cantonments to search out and kill such European and native employees as might still be lurking among the ruins of their property in that quarter; and a similar number of horsemen were sent into the town itself for the same purpose. At the same time the Nana advanced toward the principal gate of the town, and amid great display of military parades raised two standards, as rallying points for the disaffected among the native inhabitants. The sacred banner of Mahomet held out an invitation to the Mussulmen to range themselves under its green folds, for the extermination of the infidel race, by which they were oppressed, and the golden-colored standard of Humayan flaunted in the sultry air a like welcome to the followers of the most revered sovereign of ancient Hindoostan. The result of this piece of strategy was that two thousand of the Mohammedans gathered around the standard of the prophet, while a small number rallied under the flag of Humayan.

While this affair was in progress another portion of Nana Sahib's force advanced from the camp at Sonahdah, and without waiting for an answer to the summons of their commander opened a sharp fire of grape and musketry. A fierce reply was instantly made by the garrison, and kept up all day, during which detachments of the Nana's army occupied themselves in setting fire to the bungalows and stores on the eastern side of the canal, and in bringing their heavy guns into the rear of the European position, from whence they maintained a destructive fire throughout that and the succeeding day. They had four twenty-four pounders, which were trained so well that every shot told upon the verandahs and exterior work of the houses within the entrenchment, and many went through the pukha walls of the barrack hospital, which was filled with women and children.

At noon on the 6th of June the town of Cawnpoor was in the entire possession of the mutineers, and the position of the besieged was one of the greatest suffering and distress. There was but one well, in the middle of the entrenchment, and the enemy kept up the fire from the twenty-four pounders so incessantly, both day and night, that only by the risking of life could a bucket of water be procured. After the first three days, however, the rebels made it a practice to cease for a couple of hours at

candle-light, when the well was crowded and water gathered to last for the next twenty-four hours. There was no place in which the cattle could be sheltered from these destructive shots, so that within less than a week no meat could be obtained for the Europeans, and by this time the defenders were fairly surrounded by their bloodthirsty enemies.

Having thus hastily sketched the military situation in and around Cawnpoor, it now becomes our duty to take up once more the personal fortunes of those who have a more immediate interest in the eyes of our readers.

CHAPTER VII.

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore;
And far, by Ganges banks at night,
Is heard the tiger's roar.
—*Mrs. Hemans.*

When Cora Wilson found herself on board a small passenger steamer heading up the mighty Ganges, with its ever shifting sand bars, her sensations were so novel and delightful, that for a time, she forgot the warning remonstrances of her lover, between whom and herself the distance was hourly increasing, and gave herself up to the full enjoyment of her situation. The vast river that seemed then like a vast sea, covered with the world's shipping, the ever shifting panorama, the strange unaccustomed look that everything wore, formed a perpetual delight to her. And the prospect of soon meeting her beloved friend Hattie, in this distant part of the world, filled her heart with a sweet pleasure. The presence of strangers draws true friends closer to each other, and thus it was that the tie which bound our heroine to the young wife of the missionary, was so strong that she was certain that no human means or circumstances could make it stronger.

When a day had passed in this manner, and the novelty of the ascent of the Ganges had partly worn off, Cora had time to reason and reflect. She began recalling the last interview with her noble lover, and a pang filled her heart at the recollection of the impatience she had shown at his remonstrances. She wished that she had remained a little longer in Calcutta, so that they might have separated as they ought to have done. As if to confirm the warnings that her lover had uttered, she began to notice there was little talked about on the steamer, except the mutiny which was growing so rapidly and assuming such alarming proportions.

The delta of the Ganges is about two hundred miles from the Bengal sea. The Hooghly is considered by natives to be the true Ganges. It was up this river that the little steamer made its way, but a comparatively short distance, when the town of Chinsura was reached, and the captain notified the passengers that he should proceed no further, he having received information which convinced him that it was not safe to do so. Most of his passengers coincided with him and gladly turned back; but Cora, having set her heart upon going to Cawnpoor, very naturally determined to press forward, especially as her servant informed her that there was no occasion to fear. So, at the town mentioned, she disembarked and proceeded by railway to Achera, which at that time was the termination, and which was something less than one-third of the way to Cawnpoor. Here a carriage with two strong English horses had been sent by her friends, and they were found awaiting their coming and ready to do their utmost to transport her on her way to her destination, which still lay several hundred miles to the northwest. At this point the young lady observed something which she did not understand at the time, but which was made clear to her afterwards. Hitherto she had been faithfully attended by five servants, but upon starting in the carriage she found only two. The others had disappeared and she never placed eyes upon them again. Still she felt no particular alarm, as the two behaved well and had very little to say except to each other, which being in their own language, of course, was "all Greek" to her. The principal servant and the one who seemed to be a director over the other was Agwak, a tall, taciturn fellow, who was never seen to smile. His companion was a man very similar in deportment and looks, and whose name differed only by a single letter, he being known as Ogwak. The first named bore a letter from Hattie to Cora, in which the bearer was commended to her full confidence.

In making the journey from Achera, both of these men sat upon the outside, leaving Cora inside, where she had an abundance of room and where by raising the slides at her side she was enabled to view the ever changing country or shut herself out from view entirely. The two servants seemed to be as attentive as she could possibly desire. They were not intrusive nor obsequious, but seemed to anticipate her every want.

As they were journeying through quite a populous portion of the country, there was no likelihood of her suffering for anything of which she could feel the need. There was an abundance of stopping places, and the two English horses that bowled along the road with the coach spinning behind them, seemed to possess all the toughness and endurance requisite to speedily perform their arduous task.

Now and then it struck Cora as rather curious that her journey should be made in this manner, a small part by water and railroad, but by far the greater portion by carriage. She was traveling through one of the most populous portions of Hindoostan, into which the railroads were only beginning to penetrate, but there was a clear route from Calcutta by steamer up the Ganges to Cawnpoor, and she felt that there must have been some good cause for the captain stopping and turning back at Achera, as he had done.

"But I see no cause for alarm," she said to herself, as she looked out of the window of the carriage, little suspecting how easily everything might be wrong without her detecting the first sign. "The cities, towns and villages appear to wear their ordinary look, and I have been subjected to no annoyance except a little impertinent curiosity at some of the stopping places, which is no more than one might expect anywhere."

Thus they continued without incident worthy of note for several days, when the weather became so warm that Agwak told his passenger it would not answer to travel any more during the middle of the day. The journeying henceforth would be made early in the morning or during the shades of evening. Indeed, he stated that a great many persons traveled the entire night, lying by through the day, and intimated that very probably they would soon proceed in the same fashion.

At the inn where they halted, when the forenoon was about half expired, it struck Cora that she attracted an unusual share of attention. The people came to the side of the carriage and peered in, and when she stepped down and went into the low-roofed house, fully a dozen followed her into the lower apartment, and when she had shut herself away from them she could still hear conversation in loud and apparently excited voices. Never did she so long for a knowledge of Hindoostani as she did now; somehow the conviction grew upon her that all this excitement concerned herself, and that matters were going on about her of which she ought to know something.

Thus Cora sat near the window protected against the sun and the staring curiosity of the natives, by the peculiar screen so much in vogue in India. A gentle breeze stole through the screen, but still it was oppressively warm, and she sat fanning herself as she slowly sipped the cool milk upon the stand beside her; conscious as she did so, of a feeling of helpless loneliness. She had been now traveling a number of days, and had not seen the face of an American or European, and the only words beside her own that had come to her ears in English were the broken utterances of her guide.

She felt that it would be inexpressible relief if she could indulge in an hour's chat with some one in her native tongue; but there seemed to be little prospect of such a consummation, and never did she long so much as now that the end of her journey might be close at hand. It seemed to her that Cawnpoor could not be far away, and that a day or two more must bring her and dear Hattie together.

With this picture came that of him whom she had left behind, and who was at that moment speeding down the Bengal sea, many hundreds of miles away. What would she not give for the sight of his manly, handsome face, and the sound of his cheery, musical voice! Ah! but to feel the pressure of that warm hand, and the soft, sweet touch of the lips; it was a memory so dear, indeed, that she closed her eyes and imagined, for the moment, they were seated side by side, upon the moonlit deck, as the Nautilus skimmed along, with outspread wings, across the Southern Atlantic. A fond smile illumined her face as the vision grew upon her, when she was suddenly recalled to the disagreeable present by the sound of some one entering the apartment. Looking up she saw, with some surprise and displeasure, that Agwak stood before her. He made a low salaam as she turned her head, but his dusky face, with its long, black moustache, was as immobile and expressionless as ever, and she was at liberty to indulge all the speculation she choose, with little prospect of hitting the truth, when he apologized for coming in, and added that she must be ready to start in a very few minutes.

"But why this haste?" she asked, with some curiosity. "You told me when I came out that I had three or four hours to remain here."

"I did, my lady, but I saw not the great danger that is gathering around me."

"What do you mean, Agwak?"

"A great war is raging between the English and the natives. My countrymen have crowned their king at Delhi, and the command has gone forth that all those of English blood in India must be slain."

"And they are obeying the command?" asked Cora, with a blanched cheek.

"Yes, many hundreds have already fallen; the commands have gone forth all through the Mogul Empire, and it has reached here."

"And these people demand my life?" asked the girl, in the same quick, nervous manner.

The Sepoy bowed. This was coming to the point a little more abruptly than he preferred to do; but, since she had put the question so directly to him, there was scarcely any way of escaping the revelation, and it was made.

"And the only way of escape is by getting beyond their reach with all speed?"

Agwak bowed again.

"Shall we go forward or backward, Agwak?"

"That is the question I would ask my lady."

"But it is one which I cannot answer. Which offers the greatest safety?"

"Alas! there is no safety in either—danger is on every hand. It was a sad day when my lady left Calcutta for Cawnpoor. There is war through the provinces of Delhi, Oude, and Bahai. The distance between us and Calcutta is much greater than to Cawnpoor."

"Then we will go on."

"But Nana Sahib has laid seige to the city, and he will soon capture it."

Cora was dumbfounded. For the first time since starting upon this expedition did she realize the frightful danger in which she was placed, and it seemed to her as if the parting words of Captain Livingston, her lover, were still ringing in her ears. There was a feeling that the safest and most prudent course for her was to press forward to Cawnpoor. She recalled that many of the letters received from Hattie during the past two years referred to the success that had attended their labors in this part of the world, and it seemed to her that, such being the case, the missionary must be surrounded by a goodly number of devoted and faithful converts, among whom she would be far safer than in journeying through a hostile country, environed on every hand by malignant and treacherous foes, and with but a single friend to protect her.

"How far are we from Cawnpoor?" she asked, when she had recovered from the shock caused by the last words of the sepoy.

"Scarcely two nights journey; we have come a long ways; we have crossed many streams and passed through many villages, but I have kept out of the way of the larger places, and have taken a different route home, so as to meet as few acquaintances as possible. I have avoided Kilsah, Orrah Mow, and Perbour, places through which we came, and have passed the sacred Ganges for the last time, so that we are now on the western bank on the same side with Cawnpoor, and less than a hundred miles to the southeast. From here to there the road is clear."

"You have proven a faithful servant, Agwak, and I shall leave all to you. I know nothing of this country, nor of the people. Do whatever you think best, and consult no wish of mine."

"Then let my lady be prepared; when I knock at the door in a few minutes make no delay in coming forth and entering the carriage."

Cora promised that she would not keep him waiting, and he had been absent scarcely five minutes, when a soft, hurried knock was heard, and opening the door, she passed out without delay.

It seemed to the girl, as she issued from the inn, that fully a thousand of people were gathered in the street and around the building, and such a multitude of devilish faces as scowled at her as she moved along like one running the gauntlet, that her heart almost stood still with terror. She felt then as she never felt before, that she was treading upon the edge of a volcano, and it needed no more than a word to cause the fiends to fly at her and rend her to pieces. Agwak, tall, grim and defiant, strode along beside her, and without a moment's delay, put her in the carriage, sprang up in front and drove off at a rattling pace, regardless of the fatigue of the horses, and the fact that it was the hottest part of one of the hottest days of the season.

Cora, despite her fear and trembling, observed a puzzling thing, which did not serve in any way to lessen her alarm. Ogwak was missing and she was now under the charge of a single sepoy, the only one left of the five, under whose escort she had started from Calcutta. As soon as she could gain the opportunity, she inquired of Agwak as to what had become of him.

"He has deserted me like the four others, who have forgotten their religion and turned from friends into enemies."

"And how much longer will *you* remain true?" was the mental question of the terrified girl.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 37 letters.

My 33, 12, 14, 19, 3, 38, 24, 35, 5, is a town in Maine.

My 2, 28, 29, 34, 17, 7, 12, is a town in Massachusetts.

My 1, 35, 24, 15, is a town in Vermont.

My 21, 27, 25, 6, 11, 14, is a town in New Hampshire.

My 26, 35, 18, 21, 10, 34, 28, is a town in New York.

My 23, 9, 10, 4, 12, 8, 24, 19, is a town in New Jersey.

My 17, 36, 18, 21, 28, 31, is a town in Maryland.

My 30, 2, 35, 20, 25, is a town in Virginia.

My 37, 24, 8, 25, 28, 24, 26, is a town in North Carolina.

My 3, 36, 19, 32, 8, 37, 24, 28, is a town in South Carolina.

My 8, 6, 9, 12, 30, 25, 8, 5, 34, 35, 18, is a town in Georgia.

My 22, 16, 21, 18, 17, 31, is a town in Alabama.

My 11, 28, 36, 24, 19, is a town in Mississippi.

My 9, 28, 5, 24, 36, 21, 16, is a town in Arkansas.

My 8, 20, 13, 19, 4, 15, is a town in Indiana.

My 19, 2, 8, 6, 28, 24, 35, 37, is a town in Ohio.

My 33, 34, 35, 8, 15, 10, 6, is a county in Missouri.

My 7, 20, 35, 22, 36, 21, 20, 9, is a county in Illinois.

My 3, 7, 35, 20, 6, is a county in Kentucky.

My 3, 11, 12, 13, 15, is a county in Tennessee.

My 6, 2, 25, 1, 30, 28, 22, 6, is a county in Michigan.

My 13, 4, 3, 24, 12, 35, 31, is a county in Wisconsin.

My whole is what everybody should do. A. B. PHILLIBERT.

RIDDLE.

My 1st is in press, paper, and printer.
My 2d is in weather, weeks, and winter.
My 3d is in sadness, sorrow, and sin.
My 4th is in pauses, paper, and pen.
My 5th is in roses, reeds, and rushes.
My 6th is in clams, crows, and clutches.
My 7th is in whittle, wheat, and white.
My 8th is in foes, folly, and fight.
My 9th is in hot, hunter, and house.
My 10th, is in loafer, lemon, and louse.
My 11th is in alley, almost, and ale.
My 12th is in yellow, yes, and yale.
My 13th is in older, oldest, and ode.
My 14th is in runner, rider, and rode.
My 15th is in cunning, curious, and cast.
My 16th is in loses, lender, and last.
My 17th is in wedding, widow, and wife.
My 18th is in knowing, knitting, and knife.
My 19th is in evening, editorial, and end.
My 20th is in Saturday, Sunday, and send.
My whole is a short sentence, but it fills many a writer's heart with pain.

DOUBLE REBUS.

I am composed of 11 letters.
Is a Latin proper name.
Is a lake in the North
Is a Scripture proper name.
Was Queen of Carthage.
Is a boy's name.
Is part of the verb to know.
Is a river in France.
Is a kind of coal.
Was god of medicine.
Is usually found on cloth.
Is what we must all do.
My initials form a State; and my finals its motto.

DIAMOND PUZZLES.

1.

A consonant.
A title.
Sweet.
A cave.
A vowel; sometimes.

2.

A consonant.
Necessary to the ladies; backward, necessary to men.
A piece of water.
Not old.
A consonant.

CHARADE.

My first is seen in every house.
My second is a kind of grain.
My third and fourth are what every man wants.
My whole is what many seek. HARP.

CONUNDRUM.

Why are women like beets?

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 10.]

"BEYOND HARM."

BY H. W. S.

'Tis hard to give him up. This little one
Was very dear to you; you loved him so
That now 'tis hard to say, "God's will be done,"
And bow with patience to this crushing blow.

For o'er your hearts come sharply all the while,
Sad memories of his little winning ways—
His dawning love, his pretty, baby smile,
That never more may meet your yearning gaze.

He was a darling boy: his cherub face,
His bright and laughing eyes I call to mind,
And wonder not that all his infant grace
Had round your loving hearts so closely twined.

We know, fond father, what your loss must be;
Young, grieving mother, we can feel your pain;
Yet should we mourn for him who peacefully
Is sleeping now? Is not your loss his gain?

Oh, think how much we all of us must bear
Of toil and grief, who reach to manhood's years,
What weight of sorrow might have been his share,
What wasting cares—how many bitter tears!

But now your boy is safe. He rests secure
From all temptation; on his infant brow
No cloud has fallen; innocent and pure
He lived and died; no harm can reach him now.

A little shirt has left your clasping arms,
A little angel spirit dwells above,
And safe from pain, from mortal life's alarms,
Is happy, 'neath our Father's sheltering love.

FACE TO FACE;

OR,

SINNING FOR HER SAKE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GERALD," "TWICE WON," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 3, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XIII.

BALKED.

When Mr. Carthen found that his exertions had ended in the capture of a poor idiot lad, whom he would never have cared to pursue, his feelings of disappointment and annoyance may be easily imagined.

Tommy had a spade in one hand, and seemed equally annoyed on his part to be disturbed in the midst of some occupation which, no doubt, stimulated his vacant mind and gave him a certain satisfaction.

He lowered at Mr. Carthen from under his overhanging brows, and muttered unintelligibly to himself.

"What can the lad be doing here in the middle of the night?" Mr. Carthen inquired of Lawrence. "I shouldn't consider it very safe to trust him."

"He is quite harmless, sir."

"I know that; but he might slip into the pool, or something."

"He is generally trusted out by himself, sir, and I never knew him come to any harm."

"What has he got a spade for, I wonder?" said Mr. Carthen, with a puzzled air. "The ground looks newly turned where you stand."

"He's making himself a garden, sir, I dare say."

"Out here?"

"He takes such queer notions into his head, at times, there is no accounting for them."

Tommy seemed to watch this conversation anxiously, scanning the face of each speaker and watching their gestures with a kind of appeal, that was curious as well as incomprehensible.

"Can't you make him understand to go home?" Mr. Carthen said. "Where does he sleep at night?"

"In the lodge with the cows, sir."

"What, this bitter weather? Surely Mr. Lowe ought not to allow it?"

"He won't lie down anywhere else, sir; they say he almost raves if he's shut in."

Mr. Carthen looked at the lad compassionately, a glance which Tommy returned defiantly, and hugged his spade closer as if he fancied there must be some intention of taking it from him.

"Go home," Mr. Carthen said, persuasively.

Tommy shook his head.

"You'll catch cold."

Tommy shook his head again; this time more emphatically still.

"You had better leave him, sir," Lawrence put in. "He's always perfectly harmless if he is allowed to have his own way; and, no doubt, it is a habit of his to roam about at night."

"It seems to me a very dangerous one," said Mr. Carthen.

"It might be for you, with your pocket full; but who would rob or molest poor Tommy?"

"Well, I suppose not," replied Mr. Carthen, loosening his hold of the lad's sleeve. "And yet one feels unwilling to leave him, too."

"Only, there's the poachers, sir, getting farther and farther away."

"We've missed them completely. I am afraid there is no chance of finding them again."

"We might go to old Mark's cottage, sir."

"That's a good thought, Lawrence. We shall see then whether he has been out or not."

"That's the way, sir; this side of the Point."

"It's not an inviting spot, the Point," said Mr. Carthen, reflectively. "One might picture any kind of evil deed done here."

"I never heard of a robbery or murder there, sir, in my time."

"Anyhow, I'll have that pool dragged to-morrow, if I'm alive. I shouldn't be the least surprised if poor Flax's body was concealed amongst the weeds."

"We can easily search by daylight, sir."

"Then see that it is done, Lawrence, will you?"

Mr. Carthen walked on briskly to old Mark's house after this.

"We had better be silent," he added presently, in a low voice. "We shall want to surprise them. It is almost impossible they could have had time to get to bed and hide their wet boots, if they were really in the wood."

Walking on tip-toe, and silent as the grave, Mr. Carthen and his three staunch followers drew near old Mark's cottage, which they surrounded.

Then Mr. Carthen whispered, ever so faintly:

"Scourby, you had better watch the other door; Lane must stand close under the window; Lawrence will go in with me. If we need help, we can call."

The men touched their caps respectfully.

"I suppose we shall find the door locked."

"I expect so, sir; but the door is old and crazy, and the bolts not much better, I should fancy. A stout wrench would do the work."

"Give us your help a minute, Lane."

The three together placed their backs against the door; it yielded suddenly, with a sharp creak, and they nearly fell into the room, only saving themselves by grasping hold of the posts.

The place was black as midnight, of course; but Lawrence proceeded at once to strike a light. But one glance sufficed to show that the room was empty.

Lawrence pointed forward.

"They sleep in there, sir."

Mr. Carthen lighted a candle which stood on the table, and walked across to the opposite door which he threw wide open.

Old Mark was lying in bed, and, apparently, sleeping heavily. In another bed, at the other corner, was Nat, snoring like a trooper who has gone to rest after a stiff day's march.

Old Mark seemed to rouse a little as the light flashed across his sealed eyelids, but only muttered something unintelligible and turned on the other side. As for Nat, he never so much as stirred.

Mr. Carthen was fairly puzzled. He stooped and examined the boots, which were kicking about at the bedside. They were muddy enough, but the mud was all dry, and there was no sign of any recent stain on their other clothes.

At this minute, Mark Greysome turned again, and seemed to rouse to a consciousness of something peculair, and opened his eyes upon them wide and clear.

"Well, what the—why, it is Mr. Carthen, if I don't declare!"

His tone and manner were both so natural, that Mr. Carthen was entirely deceived, and, moreover, rather ashamed of his precipitancy.

"I beg your pardon!" he said; "but we all felt quite sure that you had been in the wood, poaching."

"In the wood, poaching?" repeated the old man, with assumed incredulity. "Who could tell you that?"

"We fancied we saw you."

"Nat!"

"Well, father," said his son, springing up in bed, and rubbing his eyes; "what's up now?"

"Make your bow, my boy; we've got company," said old Mark, with a malicious grin. "If we'd a known, we'd have had things more comfortable. But, still, folks that come unawares must make up their minds to a crooked welcome. The squire fancies he saw us in the wood."

"What for?" inquired Nat, as innocently as if he'd never heard of such a thing as poaching in all his life.

"A poaching, to be sure."

"It must have been a fancy, then," returned Nat.

"There's my boots," said old Mark, pointing them out; "they wouldn't be very dry, I expect, if I'd only just come in."

"Look in his bed, sir," whispered Lawrence.

Old Mark's ears were as keen as his eyes. He caught the whisper, and responded to it by flinging back the clothes. Then he lifted the bed itself, even the mattress, and smiled triumphantly.

"Now, Nat, it's your turn, since nothing else will satisfy this gentleman."

"No, no," said Mr. Carthen; "I am quite satisfied."

"But Nat will be pleased, sir," said Mark, who, seeing that Mr. Carthen was ashamed of his position, was inclined to take revenge by increasing his discomfiture. "Come, lad, I don't suppose you'll catch quite your death of cold."

"Oh, pray don't," exclaimed Mr. Carthen, in real distress. "I can assure you I don't require any further proof."

"Perhaps Mr. Lawrence may?"

"Lawrence must be as much convinced of our mistake as I am."

"He doesn't look so. But he's welcome to search anywhere he likes. I'm not particular."

"I shall do as my master orders me," replied Lawrence, sharply; for, though baffled, he was not convinced.

The two men eyed each other steadily. Lawrence's glance expressed suspicion and distrust; old Mark's, defiance.

"There, sir!" he said, turning to Mr. Carthen, and speaking in a voice hoarse from suppressed passion; "you're a gentleman, and you'd no more have thought of battering a poor man's door in and disturbing him in the midst of his sleep, than I should have dreamt of doing the same by you, if you hadn't had evil advisers at your elbow. The worst foe to a poor man is another poor man who is set up a little above him. Perhaps you'll have the goodness to send some one to mend my door to-morrow, sir? Wages aren't so high that I can afford to mend damages I never caused."

"I will see to that; and, indeed, I am very sorry for what has happened. If I had not felt so sure of your being the man," stammered Mr. Carthen, more disconcerted than he had ever felt in all his life before.

"I don't blame you, sir," old Mark replied. "I've known you ever since you was a baby, and I never saw you do a dirty act in all my life; but them as you have with you can't be expected to understand what's fitting for a gentleman to do, though I expect they'd make a pretty fuss themselves if anyone broke into their house."

"If I acted in such a way that people always suspected me whenever anything went wrong, I shouldn't grumble so much at the consequences," said Lawrence, sturdily. "If you'd never been a poacher, you would never have been suspected—not that I am so sure that we were mistaken, though, this time. I know you pretty well, and although I should be loth to swear it was you in the wood to-night, I've got my own opinion, which all your talking won't alter."

"You may think what you like," said Mark, sullenly; "it can't matter to me."

"Only, that I may as well give you fair warning. I shall keep my eye upon you for the future, and I don't fancy you will escape quite so easy the next time as you've done this. I should be ashamed to bring up a great, strong lad like your son to lying and thieving."

"I never took a wisp of straw that didn't belong to me in all my life."

"Why, you take my master's birds!"

"Poaching isn't stealing—not as I mean to say that I do poach. Never will I believe that the birds that fly in the air, or the fishes that swim in the sea, are just made for a few rich men to enjoy, who can get plenty of other good things. No, they are sent as a provision for the poor."

"You forget that the poor can't keep these things up," said Mr. Carthen, mildly; "and I have surely a right to a certain interest on the money I lay out in my preserves?"

"I'd have it all open and free, sir; that's what I would. The birds would lay their eggs, and batch them, too, without any interference, you may depend, and then let them belong to the first man that sees them."

"You forget that if every man shot what he could, there would soon be no game for any one."

"We could agree amongst ourselves to leave them alone for a year just occasional, when they was getting thin. And as far as that goes, Providence would see that the poor wasn't deprived of such nourishment when it really did belong to the poor."

"Do you ever read your Bible, Mark?" inquired Mr. Carthen, gravely.

Old Mark hesitated.

"Well, you see, I am but a poor scholar, and, Nat not having no learning, and working so hard on week days, that I want all my rest on Sundays——"

"I see," interrupted Mr. Carthen, checking a smile. "I fancied that you could not, Mark, or you would have known that in taking my birds you are as much guilty of theft as if you took the watch from my pocket or the money out of my purse. The intention is always the same, remember."

Old Mark pulled at his grizzled beard with an embarrassed air.

"Now, look here," Mr. Carthen went on; "I do say that it is a shame for that great, fine lad of yours to be brought up in these evil ways; for whether you were or were not guilty to-night hardly affects the question, since you have certainly been a poacher all your life. Let him come with me—give me your word that you will not try to induce him to go with you again—and I will promise him an honest living for the rest of his life, and a name that his children will be proud of some of these days, when he has lads of his own."

The old poacher looked a little melted, to do him justice, and Nat's eyes began to fire, although he did not utter a word. It was about a minute before Mark spoke, and then he answered decidedly, but with some signs of feeling. "You are very kind, sir, and I know you mean well by us; but me and my son have been together ever since he was a babe, and I couldn't part with him now."

"I'd trust him here with you even at night, if I thought you'd keep your word."

"I wouldn't make no promises, sir; that would be the easiest way not to break them."

"Only that it is such a pity to let the lad go to ruin like this."

"He's all right," answered old Mark, with a kind of defiance. "We've always kept together so far, and we shouldn't fancy any change."

"Just as you like. I can't make you, of course. But some day, perhaps, you will be sorry that you did not accept my offer."

Mr. Carthen turned as he said this, and left the cottage with Lawrence.

Old Mark jumped up then, and he and Nat took the boots they had worn that night from amongst the feathers of the bed, whither they had thrust them on entering, after their breathless chase. Another time he would have chuckled loudly at the way they had over-reached the keepers once again, but to-night he looked harrassed and depressed.

"There, lad!" he said, to his son; "you lie down, and get some rest, and never mind me. I think I shall light a pipe, and smoke a bit."

CHAPTER XIV.

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

Fortune favored poor little Milly, on the day she had settled to meet her lover. Mr. Lowe was called away, and as Tommy had gone to fetch the cows for milking, from a distant meadow, she was able to slip off unperceived.

Her heart was beating fast, as she went down the lane, and her eyes were very bright with eager anticipation.

"I shall see him, at last," she thought; "and I am determined to know what has come between us. It's no use his trying to put me off with all kinds of evasions."

Milly pinched in her pretty little mouth, until it looked just a crimson thread, and thought she was very resolute, when the foolish child had hard work to keep from crying, all the while.

It was so incomprehensible and so cruel, and she loved Herbert so tenderly.

Perhaps he was only offended, after all, because she would not promise to marry him some day, in spite of her father's objections.

"Only it was right," sighed Milly; "and he ought to like me all the better for being dutiful. I should never want him to do anything that was wrong to please me ever so much."

Milly tripped on so fast, now, that her reverie was broken. There was a flickering light across old Nanny's window, that showed the wood burning brightly; and, perhaps, she had stirred the fire into a blaze to welcome her "young gentleman," as she fondly named Herbert Benson.

"I think I shall be very distant when I first go in," said Milly to herself, pausing on the threshold. "He deserves a lesson for all that he has made me go through."

She dropped her skirt, arranging it with a certain grace that made Milly's simple toilet always charming, pulled out her bonnet strings, smoothed the soft bands of her blonde hair, drew up her lithe figure in state, and marched in, merciless.

He was not there.

Old Nanny was dozing over the fire, with her tabby cat purring on her knees, and her wrinkled, brown face actually illuminated by the dancing light; but the chair opposite to her was empty.

A sob, she could not choke down for the life of her, broke through Milly's quivering lips.

"Oh, Nanny, he won't come!"

Nanny heard this perfectly, for she was only napping, and she turned her compassionate eyes on the young girl.

"I sent for him this morning, miss, and I gave him your message, but he only shook his head when I begged him to come. 'It will do no good, Nanny,' he said, 'and makes it worse for both to bear. Tell Milly so; and also tell her that it is my great prayer she may learn to hate me—the prayer that I pray morning and night.' Those was his very words, Miss Milly, and he looked so grave when he was speaking, any one might have seen he meant it all."

Milly was weeping uncontrollably now. Herbert's love had been the great consolation of her life—the one hope that made the future so bright to look upon. And now it was taken from her. Presently she commanded herself sufficiently to say, "And he gave no reason, Nanny?"

"None, Miss Milly. I asked him that

very thing. Says I to him, 'It isn't like you so forsake any one without saying why; and though Miss Milly would scold me enough if she knew I had said so, I am sure she loves you with all her heart.' 'The more's the pity, then,' he said. 'I'd give the world, if I'd got it, to hear her say she hated me with her whole heart.' 'You must be terribly changed, then, Mr. Herbert,' I says. 'Yes, I am changed, Nanny,' he made answer; 'changed forever.' 'But how is it then?' 'I can't tell you how or why, Nanny—I can't tell any one—it is altogether too shocking; but it is sufficient to say, that nothing in all the world would make me marry Milly Lowe.' He walked off then, and I couldn't get to talk with him any more, but I called out after him as he was going down the path that I considered it was his duty to tell you all this himself, and not let you hear it from me.'"

"What did he say then?" sobbed Milly.

"Nothing, miss; he just walked on a little quicker, and that was all."

At this minute the door opened, and Herbert, looking very white and grave, and firm, came in. His lip quivered a little when he saw poor Milly's streaming eyes and flushed cheeks, but he evidently made an almost supernatural effort to be calm. Drawing up a chair, he sat down beside her; and Nanny, thinking she was best out of the way, stole up-stairs, taking the tabby cat with her for company.

"I am sorry to see you so distressed," said Herbert, in a cold, measured voice. "I was in hopes that you would have forgotten all about our unfortunate engagement by this time."

Wounded and piqued by his chilly manner, Milly's pride began to rise.

"You needn't be anxious on my account," she said, haughtily. "Judging by you, I should say such things were very easily over."

"I wish they were," Herbert exclaimed, involuntarily, and then shut his lips fast together in a bitter effort at repression.

Milly glanced up at him shyly. After all, he wasn't so indifferent as he pretended to be, that was clear. She wiped her eyes in a furtive way, and then said. "I did not wish you to come here against your feelings, of course; but after all that had taken place between us"—and here Milly's voice faltered in spite of herself—"I thought there might be something which required explanation."

"No," he said gravely; "I have nothing to explain."

"Then, perhaps, it is a pity for me to detain you."

Milly tried to look dignified, but it was a miserable failure. A little, bland, dimpled creature like Milly was meant for smiles, and even tears, may be, but not for dignity. Alas! she had not even sufficient to hide her feelings. Having told him he might go, she began to cry again weakly, and he stayed to find some consolation for her if he could.

"My dear Milly," he said, taking her hand, and pressing it in a brotherly kind of way, "it is absolutely impossible that we should ever be anything to each other again. You must understand that, my poor child; the cruelty, the shame was, ever to allow us to become attached to each other in the way we were. Your father will have a great sin to answer for at the last day, and he will carry an uneasy conscience with him to the grave. But it can't be helped now, unfortunately, and we must both of us try to forget the past as quickly as we can. You will marry some one else, dear Milly; and when this day comes, and I can feel that the horror of my confession will be gone, then I will tell you the terrible secret which I heard from your own father's lips that night he discovered our meeting in the wood."

"And why not now?" said Milly, courageously. "I can bear anything better than suspense."

"My dear Milly, if I were to tell you now, it would break your heart."

"Yours is not broken."

"Well nigh, it is; you cannot tell how near. Look at me, Milly; have I the face of a happy man?"

"You are very white and worn," she answered, gently.

"Because I have suffered such tortures that not one hour since have I closed my eyes in sleep. I am a strong man; you are a weak woman; I can fight through and live still, with the horror of your father's words overshadowing me always like a curse. You would die——"

"That is very easy to say."

"I know it is, Milly; only I have so much hope, Milly, and at your age it should not be difficult to cast off a memory which only brings sorrow and pain."

"You forget that it was once my only happiness," said Milly, plaintively.

"You will make newer and stronger ties, and then, and only then, I shall know some peace."

"You seem to think I am very fickle," said Milly, resentfully.

"I could almost wish you were; but assuredly, if I had been able to give you that character, even in my own mind, this trouble would have been lighter. Only that when you know a thing is right, I am confident you will try and do it."

"And is it right to forget you, Herbert?"

"Right and necessary both."

She shook her head dubiously.

"You see, I have known you so very long, Herbert. I remember how I used to peep through the hedge for you as you came home from school, to see if you had a bird's nest or a few primroses for me. You were the first who ever called me Milly, too, so that I cannot even hear my name without thinking of you."

"We were like brother and sister in those days," said Herbert, in an eager kind of way.

"No," she answered quite simply, "it didn't feel like that somehow."

"I thought you were to have gone away for a time, Milly."

"I thought so, too; but papa has changed his mind. He says there's no need for it now."

"Your father has been very, very cruel, Milly. He let us go on, it seems, because he knew that he had only to speak, to separate us when he chose; and now that the blow has fallen, he rejoices in our misery."

"I suppose he couldn't help it, could he?"

"Yes; it should have been impossible from the first; if he had either heart or conscience, he would have taken care that it was so."

"I don't understand, Herbert—it is all such a terrible mystery——"

"Be thankful that it is so."

"Would it be less painful for you to tell me, or me to hear?"

"I can dream of a distant day when it might be even a pleasant confession; but now—now it is too dreadful, Milly."

"It seems very strange, Herbert; I feel so bewildered, I can hardly understand my own sensations. But this I do know—that I shall never, never marry now, and therefore your secret will remain a secret, so far as I am concerned, until the end of my life."

"You will change your mind some of these days"

"No; unless——"

"Go on, Milly."

"Unless you were to disgrace yourself in any way, and then—and then I should hate you."

Burying his face in his hands, Herbert remained in silent reflection for several minutes. At last he said:

"To show you how urgent the case is, Milly, I ask you to believe that, knowing my principles, I could even be tempted to do what was wrong for the sake of securing your peace."

"Oh, no!" she said, passionately; "rather let me suffer."

"But you must not suffer, Milly."

"It is well to say that. I suppose you fancy that I am like my father, and have no heart."

"Old Nanny will be frozen up-stairs, and with her rheumatism, too!" said Herbert, anxious to change the subject. "May I call her down?"

"I wish I dared to tell you my secret."

"Why not?"

"You could never live under the same roof with your father afterwards."

"Hold!" she said firmly, "I will not hear."

"You are right, Milly; I ought not to tell you yet."

Here old Nanny came hobbling in, rubbing her benumbed fingers together, and looking blue with cold.

"I should think you young folks had made it up by the time you've been about it," she said, crossly. "I declare I'm well-nigh frize. I am sure I don't know where my rheumatics will be tomorrow morning."

"Nowhere, I hope, Nanny," said Herbert. "You must have a cup of hot, strong tea, directly."

"Yes," said Nanny, in a discontented tone; "if you had to make two ounces of tea go a whole week, I wonder how strong you'd take it."

He slipped some money into her hand, and old Nanny brightened up suddenly.

"I'm sure you are very considerate, Master Herbert; and I'll put the kettle on this very minute, if you'll take a cup of tea with me. I always do say that there's nothing on a cold day like a good cup of tea."

But Herbert declined, and so did Milly. The latter had already stayed longer than she had intended, and was growing nervous lest her father should have returned, discovered her absence, and sent some one in search of her.

"It is getting quite dark," Herbert said, as he stood on the threshold; "you ought not certainly to go home alone; and yet——"

"It would be so very wicked for you to accompany me," said Milly, with a certain malice. "Thank you all the same, I shall get on very well, and I am not the least afraid."

"I will keep within hearing, so that if any one should molest you, you would only have to call out."

"I don't think you need trouble yourself, I shall be perfectly safe."

"I don't like to trust you, and if you could look on me as a brother," said Herbert, feeling that he must appear very conceited, and yet impelled to such words.

Poor little Milly burst out into a scornful laugh.

"Oh, no!" she answered; "it wouldn't do at all. I might possibly mistake your intentions."

So saying, she flew off down the lane as fast as she could; and, for a minute, if not for more, she felt as if Herbert's wish were certainly realized, and she hated him with all her heart.

CHAPTER XV.

APPLYING THE TORCH.

Lady Lina could not understand how it was that her sister grew day by day more cold and unapproachable. She taxed her brains to find out if she could have offended her in any way, but was obliged to confess, at last, that it was impossible.

And yet Lady Clementina was so bitter and severe, so evidently estranged from Lina, that it was only natural to imagine that there must be some cause. Wilfred was the first to give her a hint of the possible reason; and the bare suspicion was so painful to Lady Lina, that she wished she could have been kept in ignorance.

One day, Wilfred happened to stroll into the morning room; and, finding Lina alone, he began:

"What is the matter with Clementina?" he said; "she always was as stiff as buckram, but now she gets stiffer and stiffer. Have you and she had a quarrel?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Lina, "how could I quarrel with my own sister?"

"The ladies Blanche and Mary Hazeldean fight like cat and dog—at least so people say."

"I should think people must be wrong, then, Wilfred; it seems so unnatural."

"I fancy they are correct in this instance, anyhow. When I was dancing with Lady Blanche once, and she broke her fan, Lady Mary positively refused to lend her hers, and that, too, in very plain terms."

"How very dreadful! How unseemly!" said Lina, really shocked. "But I think you must have made some mistake, Wilfred."

"I don't see how I could. Lady Blanche sent me to ask for it, and when I preferred my petition, Lady Mary said, scornfully, 'Tell Blanche that I brought a fan for my own use, not for her's, and that she had better send home for another.' Could there be any mistake about that?"

"None whatever. But what did Lady Blanche say to this message?"

"She only shrugged her shoulders, and laughed. 'Poor Mary,' she remarked, 'always gets so red when she's dancing. I expect she wants her fan to hide her face.'"

"I hope you did not dance with either of them again, Wilfred?"

"Not I," replied the young viscount, twirling his blonde moustache. "I am not partial to spiteful beauties. But, about Clementina. Do you know, I have a notion in my head?"

"What is it?"

"That Clementina likes Carthen."

"Oh, Wilfred! Pray, don't say that!" exclaimed Lina, in a tone of infinite distress.

"There is no fear of her becoming your rival, if that is what you mean, Lina. It is quite clear where his affections lie

The Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

Quite a tide of home emigration has set in for the past few days; not so much due to any settled change in the weather, as to the fact that the schools will soon commence their fall terms. Anxious mammas, who have been rusticating with their little flocks, are very busy preparing the little students for the coming campaign, overlooking wardrobes, etc.

To such we think it may not prove inacceptable for us to describe a suit which we saw made up for a demoiselle of twelve or fourteen summers; and which, from its simplicity, will we are sure commend itself.

It was composed of two shades of brown poplin. The underskirt was of the darkest shade, which was also striped with hair lines of black, so fine as to resemble shading at a distance. The three back breadths were laid in kilt pleats of an inch and a half in width, allowed to hang loose at the bottom. The front widths were trimmed to the depth of the eighth of a yard, with a pleating of the cloth cut bias; above were two bias puffs headed by a fold. The overskirt was of the simplest apron form, composed of three pieces; the side widths sloping up until they met the belt in a rounded curve. The apron was of the light, plain brown, and edged with two milliner's folds of the dark, striped material. The waist was a basque, plain and fitting half-tightly; corded around the edge with the striped brown, and trimmed with the folds to correspond with those of the overskirt. A round, standing collar, sloping easily off into revers at the bust finished the neck. Inside was placed a pleated ruff of fine linen, and the same at the wrists. Black leather or gros grain belt with jet buckle was worn with it; with a plain, prettily shaped black silk pocket or aumonniere at the right side for handkerchief, pencils, etc. We have seldom seen a more simple and appropriate garb for a school girl. Hat of dark brown straw, with wide rim, turned up slightly on the left side, and trimmed with a black gros grain ribbon and cluster of autumn leaves.

In our last gossip we gave a general outline of the styles likely to prevail in hats and bonnets for autumn and winter wear. Many of the New York houses are now sending out their cards for openings, which will take place very shortly.

They will be unusually brilliant, it is said this season, owing to the gay colors which will predominate in flowers, trimming, etc.

There is quite a discussion going on, it is said, among the potentates who sway the realms of fashion, as to whether the very popular ruff, or fraise, shall or shall not be omitted in the new costumes. Those who number many of the long and slender throated, among their fair patronesses, vote decidedly in its favor; while those whose pleasure it is to adorn and beautify forms where a graceful *embonpoint* about the shoulders hides in swelling waves the short white throat, vote it down, and are anxious to re-establish the reign of plain throat bands and round small collars. We suppose it will end, as such matters usually do, in a compromise.

Among imported suits, we saw a most elaborately wrought walking costume, of the palest shade of ashen gray, embroidered in the long India stitch in two shades of green; the darkest being myrtle hue, the lightest a faint Nile tint. The pattern was heavy shamrock leaves, connected by a running vine. This suit was not made up; but we were shown a pattern plate which accompanied it. It was in two skirts, with a half loose, double-breasted sacque, and long, open sleeves to be worn over tight ones.

Among silk costumes we must mention one which we saw in the trousseau of a wealthy New York bride. It is for autumn, and even winter wear, and for a reception or carriage dress. It was of the shade of blue known to us in other days as "mazarine;" and was trimmed with satin of a shade lighter, embroidered in dark blue twist and finely cut blue steel beads. The skirt proper was very long, made en traine—I should say at least seventy inches from waist to hem. It had two large pouffs just below the waist; these were met by a flounce, below which was another a little wider; while the one at the bottom was fully a half yard in depth. These three graduated flounces were placed upon the three back widths, and were put on in wide box-pleats and trimmed around the bottom with bands of the satin graduated in width to suit the flounces; and most elaborately wrought in a pattern of fuschias, done in the dark blue twist and studded with the blue steel beads. The fuschia leaves were merely outlined in the silk and thickly studded with the beads. On each side of the front width was a band of the satin laid on in the form of a sash—eleven and a half inches at the bottom, narrowing to six at the waist—literally covered with embroidery and beading. The front width had three narrow flounces at the bottom, edged with the satin and wrought in scallops, buttonhole-stitched with the dark blue twist. The overskirt was an apron, slashed open at the sides, where it crossed the flat sash pieces; terminating under the basque tabs in a long pleated sash of the silk, lined with satin and embroidered in clusters on each end.

The novelty of this sash consisted in its peculiar form of draping and the finishing of the ends, which were done in large scallops, buttonhole-stitched very heavily; the sash was tied in a loose knot just directly under the basque, then half way down the back again in a pleated knot. The basque was of the "cuirass" shape, and with a vest of the satin, heavily embroidered. The back and down the outer seam of the sleeve was also wrought. The sleeve had a loose-fitting coat, with large satin puffs at the shoulder and puff and revers at the wrist. A round standing collar, wrought all over and edged with buttonhole stitch, finished the neck. Inside of it was placed a full ruche of finest Mechlin lace, and also at the wrists were frills of the same.

For little folks, large collars of three overlapping frills of Swiss edged with narrow Valenciennes, or of fine linen, simply hemmed, are much worn; tied behind, with cord and tassels of thread.

NIBON.

[*Answers to correspondents have been unavoidably crowded out, but will receive due attention next week.*]

TO BE READ IN THE TWILIGHT.

BY C. A. P.

The gold of the summer is tarnished,
The soft hours are shrouded in haze,
The face of the blue smiling heaven
Is shadowed by autumn's chill gaze;
But there lingers the homliest sweetness,
It's sunshine laughs all the long day,
For Eddie, my brown-eyed, I love you!
And you are my summer for aye.

'Tis not with the glamor of passion,
'Tis not in a dream or a jest,
That Eddie, my darling, I love you—
But true as the Heaven of Rest.
And I'll love you though all the rich sunlight
Should deepen to darkness and dread;
I'll love you though all the bright roses
That jewel life's summer be dead.

Is it thus that you love me, my sweetest?
Then kiss me and speak to me low,
And creep to my heart all the closer,
Away from earth's sadness and woe.
I'll guard you so fondly and safely
From all that would shadow or part,
For not even death, O my precious,
Can tear you away from my heart!

HEPSEY HARROW'S RETICULE.

BY W. I. JONES.

After mother had gone to bed I went up stairs and brought down my writing-desk. There were some sheets of paper and some delicate envelopes, which had been for months stored within, and a silver pen and pen handle, which had been a birthday present in my school days.

I took them out, and the ink-bottle also. The ink was thick, for we did not write much, either of us, and I brought the vinegar-cruet from the closet and thinned it to my liking. Then I sat down and looked at the paper. Then I went to the stairs and listened to see if mother was not coming. Then I actually seated myself, squared my elbows, and began to write. This is what I wrote:

DEAR MISS HARROW:—I am a coward. Not, I hope, in one sense, but certainly as regards you. For a year I have loved you. Yet, I would no more have dared to say so than I would had you been a queen. Perhaps because I do not cherish a hope that you like me.

To-morrow you and I will ride together. To-morrow I had made up my mind to try my fate, but I know I shall not dare to speak, so I write. I will give you this letter to read at home. If the answer be "No," it will be easier for both of us. Will you try and think enough of me to be my wife one day?

I love you better than my life, and I will do all I can to make life happy for you. With a little hope I can make my way in the world as other men do; I am young and strong, and not utterly ignorant. If I am to have that hope, give me some sign—give me a line, your name only, anything to show me what you mean. If I am to be miserable—well then make me no answer. Silence shall mean "no." I could not bear to see you or speak to you after that.

ALMON CRAIG

I sealed this note in the daintiest envelope I possessed, and wrote Hepsy Harrow's name on the back, and hid it in the desk from mother's eyes—sharp eyes, that looked after me anxiously as I drove away with old Dobbin the following evening.

It was a pleasant drive, and a merry dance and supper, and as time went on I felt glad that I had written the letter. For I could not have said what it said for me. It was at that moment when we were driving homeward that I mustered courage to ask for the little reticule which she carried, as the other girls did, with a brush and some flowers in it, for they had to touch up the curls and braids after the windy ride before the dance.

"Why do you want it?" she asked.

"To put something in it which you must not look at till you reach home," I said.

"You arouse my curiosity," she answered. "I shall look the instant I have a lamp."

And as she spoke I had dropped the letter and snapped the clasp.

Not a word more could I speak, but at the door I tried for the first time to kiss her. Her lips eluded mine, and I dared not to repeat the attempt.

I drove home and waited, waited hopefully, as I knew afterwards, for an answer. None came—a day, a week, a month. She had given me a little, cold, smileless bow. I was rejected.

"Mother," said I that night, "we must have some one to farm the place. I'm going to some city."

"Why?" said she.

"To make my fortune," I said.

"For that girl—the schoolma'am?" asked my mother bitterly.

"No," said I, "never for her."

Mother knelt down beside me as I sat on a low stool. She put her hands on my shoulder and looked into my face.

"She didn't dare refuse you?" she said. "Boy, I know you are in trouble. I'm your mother. Tell me."

"She did not accept me," said I.

"The haughty minx!" said my mother. "I—" then she burst into tears.

"And that's to part us?" she said.

"Not if you will go with me," I answered.

But she would not leave her home, and I went alone. In the frosty morning, as I turned to look back at the little village from the top of the old stage, I saw the little children filing in at the school-house door, and caught a glimpse of Hepsey's dress beyond—only a fold of her dress, but I knew it. The school-bell was ringing; but it did not say "turn again, turn again" to me, as it should have done, had I been such a prophet as Whittington.

I made my fortune. I had a cousin in Philadelphia who was deep in the mysteries of Third street. He helped me; so did Luck or Fate. In five years I was a moderately rich man. My mother wanted nothing but my presence. She would not come to me, but she urged me to come to her.

At first my heart was too weak to be trusted among those old familiar scenes. To have met Hepsey would have been too much to bear. But time helps all. At the end of five years I wrote to my mother:

I am coming home again, since you will not live here with me. Expect me to-morrow.

And on the morrow I went. My mother had not altered much. But I had grown a long light beard, and was a youth no longer—a fact which troubled her. There were changes in the place, too. Girls were married—old people dead. The tallest, handsomest man I remembered, had met with an accident, and crawled about a wretched cripple. The church was rebuilt, and the huts in the hollow had been burnt. A factory had risen, and the factory people's houses were about it. Instead of the old frame school-house was a brick building with many windows and a cupola.

Who was the teacher? Was she there—Hepsey Harrow? I dared not ask.

Idly I sauntered about the house, painted and refurnished now; and idly in the evening of my second day at home, I went out to the shed where the little, old carriage stood—the old shabby thing, with the green patch on the cushions.

"It ain't been touched since you left, Almon," said my mother. "Poor old Dobbin! How smart he used to take it round! I felt as if I'd lost a friend when he died. Remember me patchin' the cushion?"

She lifted it as she spoke. From behind it dropped something. What? Of leather, blue with mould, crushed by its long lying under the cushion, but a reticule for all that. Hepsey Harrow's reticule! I opened it. There lay a comb and a brush; an artificial rose—how well I remembered it in her hair!—and my letter. Yes, my letter, that she had never read, never seen, never known of.

"What's the matter, Almon?" asked my mother.

For a few moments I did not know. At last I spoke.

"It is Miss Harrow's reticule."

"She must have lost it when you took her a riding," said my mother. "Just like her, to lose it and not know, extravagant critter. She's teaching yet, likely to—she ain't married; no doubt she'll be an old maid, and serve her right."

The rest my mother said to herself, for I waited for no more.

I took the reticule in my hand and went over the long-forgotten path toward the schoolhouse. School was over. A figure stood alone at the gate. I did not know it at first. But on a nearer view I found it was a mature edition of Hepsey Harrow's slender frame—not so slender now, but pretty—just as pretty in the face, and fresh and buxom.

I walked up to her. She gave me a puzzled look. Then her cheek flushed.

"Mr. Craig," she said.

"Yes, Miss Harrow," I answered. "I am here to restore your property. You lost a reticule five years ago. To-day I found it. There's something in it which I asked you to look at when alone. I make the same request now. May I see you this evening?"

She bowed. I walked away. That night I went once more to see her. She had been weeping; the letter lay on her knee.

"Such an odd relic of those foolish old times," said she.

I took her hand. "You never answered it, Hepsey," I said. "Will you answer it now?"

"After all this time?" she said.

"Yes," I said.

She said nothing, and I kissed her.

Our wedding-day was a quiet one, and our lives have been quietly happy from that day to the present hour.

AN EPISODE IN AN EDITOR'S LIFE.

BY W. A. B.

I am an editor; and I must say that, of all professions, that of editorship is the most difficult and the most thankless. Still, it has its bright spots, its pleasant reminiscences.

One bitter cold morning, a few days before Christmas, in the year ——, I sat as usual at my desk. Among the heap of manuscript was one, written on the softest cream-laid French white paper, written in a childish lady's hand, on lines which had been carefully erased afterwards. It was a little story, of no great literary merit, but there was an aroma of youth and of sweetness in every line. There was a promise in it; it was like the light in the sky before the sun has risen on a fine day—an omen, a portent of sunshine and warmth, but no more. I put it down as if I had touched the petal of a rose. There was a tiny scented note beside it—of course full of italics:

——— STREET, PHILA., Dec. —, 18—.

"DEAR MR. EDITOR: I send you a little story. I am only sixteen, and papa and mamma do not know *anything* about it, but please tell me if it be worth anything. I *want* it to be printed: I *want* to be paid for it. It is not for *myself*, though, but I want the money to give my *dear* little brother a *nice little* birthday present. I am, dear Mr. Editor, yours, &c.

EMILY ——."

Then came the address and the signature. The writing of the note was less neat and regular than the manuscript. But there was the same fragrance of dainty youth about it.

It was with no common feeling of interest that I sat down and wrote my answer to the note. I returned the manuscript, but I wrote gently and tenderly. I gave it as my hope and my opinion that, with a little more care and study, the youthful writer would achieve a success. I even promised to print that identical manuscript if it were a little revised and corrected, and I pointed out how it might be made available. I posted my letter and the manuscript to the address named, and went home, wondering if I ever should hear from the writer again. With that, however, all thoughts of the manuscript passed away. The author was too timid to reply.

* * * * * * *

On Christmas eve I was asked as usual to dine with an old friend of mine. He was a married man, with a pleasant, comely wife, and several small children, male and female.

"The children are not coming down to dinner," said my hostess, "for they are going to give us a surprise afterwards."

I bowed, and was delighted, both at the anticipation of pleasure to come and of privation for the first time of considerable present annoyance. I need not say I was then a bachelor. When we went upstairs after dinner we found the folding-doors which divided the front from the back room closed.

They were opened after a while. The evening hymn was sung and a Christmas tree of the most brilliant splendor was revealed; on its branches were hung gifts, worked and embroidered by the children, for their parents and for the friends of their parents. The three little girls and their governess had done it all.

While my friend and his wife were embracing and thanking the children, I had time to notice the governess. She was very young, almost a child herself. A mass of bright hair was gathered up in great waves at each side of her head, and fastened in a loose, thick loop behind. The bright curls were so arranged as to reveal the ear. Need I say more of their ravishing loveliness? But the pretty blue eyes looked as if they had cried a good deal; and there had been recent tears, for the eyelids were somewhat swollen. She was not sad at present, however, for she played on the piano for the children and for me, their old godfather, to dance to, and she joined with us in a game of blind-man's buff. When the children retired she retired also.

"What a charming person," I said.

"She is most excellent," said my friend. "Although she is so young, Miss —— is the bread provider of her family. Her father and mother have, according to the cant phrase, seen better days; in fact, they are people of good birth, and once had a good fortune. They have a son and daughter; the son is a fine fellow also. Both the son and daughter give the greater part of their earnings to their parents; but the son has not been very fortunate. My little governess—she is only seventeen—does more with her salary, small as it is, than her brother can do with his hard work. He is clerk in a bank."

"And she helps him also, I suppose?"

"I dare say she does, but I have never inquired, for she is full of reticence and reserve on those points. I only know she would sit up all night, and work like a horse all day, to help both her parents and her brother. She is going home to-morrow; but he, I fear, cannot afford the expense of the journey."

"Could we not help him?" I said, bashfully.

My friend smiled. Both brother and sister spent Christmas at home.

My good fortune threw me a good deal after this with my friend's governess. Must I say that from that Christmas eve I was never heart-whole?

The following Easter we were engaged, and before the Christmas eve which followed we were married. What an aim and a hope my life had now acquired!

We have a little suburban house, and I leave my wife every morning to pursue my editorial labors, and return every evening, forgetting my work and my worries, knowing that the sweetest heart and the fairest face I have ever known await me in my modest but happy home. I have never heard again from the author of the manuscript which had so much interested me; and, truth to tell, had never thought of her since that Christmas eve. Two or three years have passed since then, and we have two babies. Such babies! I will not rhapsodise; but if rosy flesh, and round contours, and lovely limbs can be called beauty, my girl and my boy would win the prizes in any show of babies in the world.

Their mother is always playing with them. She often puts her delicate, slender white hand under my baby-girl's foot, and the baby makes believe to stand on it. What a picture it is! the pink toes, and the dent in the round little ankle, and the pearly instep, harmonise yet contrast so gloriously with the taper fingers and the blue-veined white of that flower-like hand. It is like a rosebud laid on a white camella. She then holds up the baby-girl to me, and I kiss it before I go. My two-year-old boy toddles after me and gives me his chubby little fist to hold till I get to the door. And so we live. I could not help, as I sat at my labors a few days ago, recalling the picture of motherly beauty and womanly loveliness I had left at home. How I wished all womanhood could be typified thus!

As I walked up and down the room reading a scratchy, scrawly manuscript, and fumbling over it in desperation, for the tiresome person who had sent it had by some ingenious carelessness mulcted it of its last page, my thoughts flew far and wide, and by some association I cannot explain, the pretty manuscript from the youthful writer who had sent me no more was recalled to me.

Unconsciously the manuscript I held faded from my mind, and the other was present with me. I wondered what had become of her—had she written any more?—where and how was she?

Every moment I became more and more possessed with this memory. I was so happy myself that I felt for all who seemed to have care and struggle in their lives. I looked out the address to which I had written before, and wrote to the unknown a few lines. I said that time had passed (five years, almost), that the youthful inexperience which had prevented the paper she had sent from being accepted must now be corrected, and that I should be glad and willing to see anything else she had written, if she had written anything since then.

Within a few days, I had an answer. The writing was in a feigned hand, quite unlike the round hesitating girlish hand I had remembered. The words were, however, as sweet and innocent as the first had been.

"It is so good of you," ran the note, "to remember me, but I do not write any more. I am so happy. I have such a dear, kind, good, noble husband, [Oh, these womanly exaggerations, I thought, as I sat in my editorial chair,] and such darling babies. I wrote, for I wanted to help my dear ones, but they have been better helped by others than I could ever have hoped to help them. God has given them a better friend than I could be. If you seek to know me, you shall do so. If when you go home you see a woman with a rose in her hand, hold out yours, you will know me."

I smiled at the romantic fervor of this reply, and a faint desire arose that my wife and the writer of that letter should know each other, and then I went on with my stupefying avocations.

As I went home, I confess I looked about for a woman with a rose in her hand, but as might naturally be supposed, neither in cabs nor omnibuses did such an apparition manifest itself.

As I entered my own door I gave an impatient shrug at the idea of having been the subject of a foolish jest. But whom did I see standing just within the threshold of my home? my darling, with her fair child-like face and bright hair; love, and joy and youth crowning her with a triple crown, and in her hand was a rose!

"Dear husband," she said, as I kissed her, "I think I loved you from the moment I had your kind, indulgent, thoughtful note. I had written that absurd little story, for I sadly wanted a little money to pay for Gerald's return home at Christmas, to be with papa and mamma, and I had a foolish notion I could write."

"And you were disappointed, my pet; what a savage I must have seemed."

"No; I felt how foolish I had been, and I cried heartily, but I thought you good and kind all the same. And Gerald got home, too, and we had a happy Christmas after all."

I kissed her.

"But are you never going to write a story for my magazine again?"

"I do not know," she said, archly; "meanwhile, you can write ours if you like."

WHEN once a concealment or a deceit has been practised in matters where all should be fair and open as day, confidence can never be restored, any more than you can restore the white bloom to the grape or plum that you once pressed in your hand.

THE fireside is a school of infinite importance; it is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ It is the intention to make this Department an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will necessarily contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

☞ All communications must be addressed to R. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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Contributors are requested to write on only one side of the sheet, and to avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

TO GENERAL CORRESPONDENTS.

CHOLERETTE.—Some singers, for the purpose of clearing their voice, swallow the yolk of an egg; others taste a slice of lemon with sugar. Both are very good for the purpose.

MAMIE.—If a young lady be naturally inclined to get stout, there is no proper "receipt" for making her thin. Plenty of exercise in the open air, and a frugal diet, may check the tendency somewhat.

X. Y. Z.—It is impossible for us to judge how long a person, who is a perfect stranger to us as you are, would take to learn any particular accomplishment. All depends on degrees of taste, talent and industry.

B. A. (Berne, Ohio.)—We are sorry to say the contributions you sent for our "Riddlers' Column," as you call "Our Own Sphinx," are not what we want for that department. They are mere grammatical questions, and not riddles at all.

E. H. W.—The quotation "Cleanliness is next to godliness," is to be found, originally, in Bishop Butler's famous work on the "Analogy of Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature." Its authorship has been, by some, attributed to John Wesley, but erroneously so.

J. T.—You did not make yourself, and are therefore not responsible for any such deformities as those you suffer from, and should not allow them to distress you. You should endeavor to be contented with your lot in life, and not repine because you are not so well formed as your neighbor.

VIOLA.—Nearly all cosmetics are in reality injurious to the skin, and ultimately ruinous to the complexion. Any powder that stops up the pores, renders the skin unhealthy. The presence of these cosmetics can, besides, always be detected; and, therefore, it is much better to abstain from all such applications.

F. P. C.—There is no rule which dictates the exact length of time to which a social call should be prolonged, except the rule of common sense. A man who cannot perceive the fitness of things as to such matters, must take his chance of giving offence, and learn, by unpleasant experience, how to gauge the length of his calls.

STUDENT.—The best works from which you can gather the fullest information on ancient and modern history, are the following: Tyler's Universal History, Adams' Universal History, Whitaker's Universal History, and White's Eighteen Christian Centuries. You can get any of these works at any of our public libraries.

HAMLET.—For the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time we have to state that the proper engagement ring finger is the third finger of the left hand, though by some it is worn on the forefinger of the right hand. 2. We are sorry we are not able to give you any information of the present whereabouts of the persons to whom you refer.

ÆTNA.—What a stickler for etiquette you must be to put to us three such absurd questions? It does not matter one jot what you say or do to any one of the three cases you have put to us. Just do whatever you think best yourself, and you need not be afraid of violating any of the laws of etiquette, as there are none that we have ever heard of provided for to meet such very serious emergencies.

J. F. G. (Decatur.)—It is a very delicate and difficult matter for us to advise you on. We do not think, however, that at your age you have any right to so utterly disregard your own future happiness as to abstain from marriage, solely because your mother does not want to part with you; also that you are not called upon to make so great a sacrifice, under the circumstances of your case which you have explained to us.

SUFFERER.—For an offensive breath almost the only thing that should be used is the concentrated solution of chloride of soda—from six to ten drops of it in a wine glassful of pure spring water, taken immediately after the morning toilet is completed. In some cases the odor arising from decayed teeth is combined with that of the stomach. If the mouth be well rinsed with a tablespoonful of the solution of the chloride in a tumbler of water, the bad odor of the breath will be removed.

S. A. M.—You are wrong in saying that criminals are sentenced to execution almost always on a Friday in European countries. In England and Ireland the day of execution depends entirely upon the day of sentence, a certain number of days only being legally permitted to intervene, save when a temporary reprieve be granted. In France there is no particular day appointed, and the time of execution is generally kept a secret. In Scotland Monday is almost invariably the hanging day. But in several of the Continental countries the practice of hanging on Friday we know does hold good.

C. P. D.—If you really wish our advice about your becoming an actor, we unhesitatingly say, with all respect for the profession, that we counsel you not to think of such a thing. Amateur acting is all well enough; very pleasant and fascinating, no doubt, but when you come down to acting as a matter of business, there is very little satisfaction and fascination about it. We say nothing of the peculiar temptations to which you would be exposed in such a life, but merely ground our advice upon the hardships and privations, and the almost unsurmountable obstacles which you would have to meet, were you seriously to embrace such a profession.

W. A. Mc C. (Williamsport.)—We cannot throw any light upon the matter about which you inquire. 2. The duties of the two positions mentioned are of an entirely different nature. In the one, it is necessary to have a thorough knowledge of civil engineering, surveying, &c.; whereas in the other it is not absolutely indispensable that a man should have any special training beyond the mere rudiments of a common school education. 3. This question is utterly beyond our comprehension. 4. Your suggestion is to say the least an ingenious one, but we fear it would not be practicable, and would not avert the calamity it was intended to avoid.

ARTIST.—Old engravings, wood cuts, etc., that have turned yellow, can be restored by being immersed in "javelle water" for only one minute, without the least injury to the paper if the precaution is taken to thoroughly wash the article in water containing a little hyposulphite of soda. For the preparation of "javelle water," take four pounds of bicarbonate of soda, and one pound of chloride of lime; put the soda into a bottle, near the fire; add one gallon of boiling water; let it boil from ten to fifteen minutes, then stir in the chloride of lime, avoiding lumps. When cold the liquid can be kept in a jug ready for use.

AN OLD MAID.—We have always found that whenever any one expressed strong determinations on the subject of marriage they were sure to break them. Many an old bachelor has declared to us that he had decided not to marry, and soon afterwards we saw his marriage announced in the papers, showing that at that very time the subject was engrossing all his thoughts. And whenever any of the young ladies who honor us with their confidence assure us, as you do, that they will never marry a man who does this or that, or who is short or tall (as the case may be), we consider that their doom is sealed, and that their husbands will be sure to be the exact opposite of their youthful ideal in these particulars.

AUTHOR.—In order to secure a copyright in England, the author or publisher has to pay a fee of five shillings at Stationers' Hall, London, which constitutes the "entering at Stationers' Hall." He has likewise to supply gratuitously a copy of his work to the following institutions: Bodleian Library, Oxford; University Library, Cambridge; Advocates' Library, Edinburgh; Library of Trinity College, Dublin; and the British Museum. This last must be delivered at the museum, the other four at Stationers' Hall, at the time of the payment of the fee for copyright.

M. H. F.—You should obey your father, and no longer receive the visits of a young man of whom your father disapproves, and of whom you know so little. Your father, no doubt, consults your best interests in the matter, and must have some good reasons, of which you are ignorant, for disapproving of the young man. You must remember that

"Woman's love
Will, like the ivy, often cling
Around a base and worthless thing;"

and, therefore, you should be careful not to place your affections upon an unworthy object, and suffer the bitterness of disappointment for long and weary years.

D. F. D. (Tuscumbia.)—There are no set rules or phrases which we can give you to govern your behavior; all that it is necessary for you to have is to understand the general principles of social intercourse, in order to make your way peacefully in society. If, trusting solely to your memory, you were to prepare in your mind what you intend to say to a lady when you are introduced to her, there are nine chances out of ten that you will forget your nice speech the moment you were presented, and you would be so taken aback as to appear in a very awkward and ludicrous light. If it gives you pleasure to be introduced to a lady, it is easy enough to tell her so.

M. O. N.—We are afraid it is beyond our power to teach you how to make love, for love's language is implanted in the heart by nature. Somebody or other has said that there are a thousand ways by which love tells its tale, and yet a lover's eye alone can discover these ways, for no tongue can describe them, so delicate are they. If you love the gentleman of whom you speak, you cannot help betraying your love to him in some way when you meet him, and you in the same manner will instinctively discover his feeling towards you. If you don't love him and are unable to detect that he loves you, it may be that you are both as yet unconscious of the first dawning of the "divine passion."

ELLEN O.—It is impossible for us, or anyone else, to decide just "how much income is necessary to insure happiness in married life"—an exceedingly vague kind of a question, by the way. It is not money that ensures happiness—love and confidence are the only foundation stones of perfect domestic bliss; and where these are not to be found, all is chaos and doubt, and happiness only a myth. We know there is a saying about love flying out the window when poverty comes in at the door. There is no truth in this where the affection existing is genuine; indeed, there is never need for a larger income than that which ensures comfort. Those persons who marry with moderate means are generally the ones who are the happiest.

HOUSEKEEPER.—We think your young friend is acting very imprudently indeed in allowing the young gentleman to "manifest his affection for her by kissing and in other ways," and you would be acting the part of a true friend were you to advise her to be more circumspect and reserved in her manner towards him. She is but a mere girl yet, and too young to be receiving the attention of any gentleman. Two or three years hence would be time enough. 2. We have answered this question about the engagement ring in another part of this column. 3. She may do so, of course, if she likes, but she should decline in such a manner as not to give offence to the gentleman. 4. Take no notice whatever of him. He may feel such treatment more even than a snubbing. 5. Thanks for the missing verse.

DEVIL.—"What is the origin of the term Printer's Devil." When Aldus Manutius set up in business as a printer at Venice, he came in possession of a little negro boy. This boy was known over the city as "the little black devil," who assisted the mysterious bibliopolist; and some of the most ignorant believed him to be none other than the embodiment of Satan, who helped Aldus in the prosecution of his profession. One day, Manutius, desiring to dispel this strange hallucination by publicity, displayed the young "imp" to the poorer classes. Upon this occasion he made this short, but characteristic speech: "Be it known to Venice, that I, Aldus Manutius, printer to the Holy Church Doge, have this day made public exposure of the *printer's devil!* All those who think he is not flesh and blood may come and *pinch* him."

FLORA.—It would have given us much pleasure to have answered your question, could we have done so conscientiously, but we have always been of the opinion that the practice of dyeing the hair was a decidedly injurious one, and therefore we have made it a rule to discountenance it so far as lay in our power. The practice often fails altogether in producing the desired result; it is never unattended by a certain amount of unpleasant consequences, and too frequently with evil results. Experience has established the fact that the ingredients of which the majority of hair dyes are composed are far from being free of danger and inconvenience, the texture of the hair itself is injured. Composed, as they almost all are, of very active remedies, they burn the hair, arrest the natural secretion thereof, and favor the production of baldness. Not unfrequently they bring on inflammation of the scalp. For these reasons we are sorry that we must decline to give you any instruction how to change the color of your hair. You had better be content with it as it is.

A NOVICE.—"Can you tell me how to whiten wax for the purpose of making wax flowers, and also what will remove spots of wax from a dress, some having been spilled while melting the wax?" The process of bleaching wax is effected generally by chemical means, but it may be bleached in small quantities, as follows: Take the best and cleanest beeswax you can obtain; melt it in hot water; skim it off into a cup or basin which has been previously oiled, and when quite cold, cut the wax into thin slices; expose these to the action of the sun, and air, upon white dishes, sprinkling it (unless there be rain) once or twice a day with clean water; at the end of a week, melt the wax again and proceed as before. In hot weather the wax may be floated on water in the middle of the day, as it is best not to allow it to melt. 2. Wax may be removed from a dress as follows: Toast the crumbs of a small piece of bread, and while hot apply it to the droppings of wax, a portion of which it will absorb and take up. By repeating this operation the whole of the wax will be gradually removed.

AN OLD FRIEND OF THE POST.—You ask us our opinion on the matter of early marriage, and what age we think is the best for persons to get married. We never approved of early marriages, though we are fully aware that some of the best and wisest of men have approved of them, but to our apprehension, it is extremely inexpedient and imprudent for mere boys and girls to marry. Their tastes and habits have not been formed, and the great changes that occur in the characters of young men and women from eighteen to twenty-five, are so surprising, so radical and complete, that it must be only by a miracle that a couple when they become fully awake to a perception of their position find that they have been suitably mated. The happiest marriages as influenced by age, are those which occur between young men of twenty five or six, and young ladies of twenty or twenty-one. The husband has then some worldly experience to add to the matrimonial stock, and with the tact and sagacity of his wife, there is every probability in their favor of their marriage turning out a happy one.

INQUIRER.—What is the meaning of the term frequently used, "A Roland for your Oliver?" It originated in an old-time brace of knights-errant, Roland and Oliver, who were two of the most famous in the lists of the Paladins of Charlemagne. Roland or Orlando is represented in the chronicles of those times as the nephew of Charlemagne, and his adventures are related in the fabulous chronicles of Turpin. Sir Walter Scott alluded to both of these in the following lines, which occur in "Marmion:"

"Oh for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
Which to King Charles did come,
When Roland brave and Oliver,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died."

The exploits of these heroes of ancient chivalry (the battle of Roncesvalles, alluded to in the above lines, was fought A. D. 778,) were rendered so extravagant by the old romancers, that from this arose the saying among our own plain and more matter-of-fact ancestors of giving one "A Roland for an Oliver," to signify the matching of one incredible story or adventure with another equally incredible.

MISCELLANEOUS.—U. V.—It is only a stupid play on words. Proper punctuation would quite alter the meaning. J. E. R.—Gentlemen do not wear engagement rings. W. W.—Quite a matter of taste. Eyes of all colors, except, perhaps, those which to a certain light look green, have their admirers. ETHEL.—Squeeze out the black spots between your finger nails, and then bathe the parts in dilute brandy or spirits of wine. L. A. M.—Spanish is the language generally spoken at Montevideo, South America. HESITATOR.—Sorry the MS. was not suitable. We do not criticise any articles which we are obliged to decline. COLLICOPTER.—1. We have no knowledge as to what religious denomination the gentleman belongs to. 2. Pitman's system. O. W. B.—We know nothing of the association you refer to. We would advise you to consult a physician of standing in your own neighborhood.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*